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CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP.

VOL. III.

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CHIPS

FROM

A GERMAN WORKSHOP.

BY

F. MAX MÜLLER, M. A.,

FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE, ETC.

VOLUME III.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

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TO

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF KIND HELP

GIVEN TO ME

IN MY FIRST ATTEMPTS AT WRITING IN ENGLISH,

AND AS A MEMORIAL

OF MANY YEARS OF FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP.

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I.

GERMAN LITERATURE.[1]

THERE is no country where so much interest is taken in the literature of Germany as in England, and there is no country where the literature of England is so much appreciated as in Germany. Some of our modern classics, whether poets or philosophers, are read by Englishmen with the same attention as their own; and the historians, the novel-writers, and the poets of England have exercised, and continue to exercise, a most powerful and beneficial influence on the people of Germany. In recent times, the literature of the two countries has almost grown into one. Lord Macaulay's History has not only been translated into German, but reprinted at Leipzig in the original; and it is said to have had a larger sale in Germany than the work of any German historian. Baron Humboldt and Baron Bunsen address their writings to the English as much as to the German public. The novels of Dickens and Thackeray are expected with the same

[1] This article formed the preface to a collection of extracts published in 1858, under the title of *German Classics*. The extracts are arranged chronologically, and extend from the fourth to the nineteenth century. They are given in the original Gothic, Old High-German, and Middle High-German with translations, while in the more modern portions the difficult words only are explained in notes. A list of the principal works from which the extracts are taken will be found at the end of the article, p. 44.

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impatience at Leipzig and Berlin as in London. The two great German classics, Schiller and Goethe, have found their most successful biographers in Carlyle and Lewes; and several works of German scholarship have met with more attentive and thoughtful readers in the colleges of England than in the universities of Germany. Goethe's idea of a world-literature has, to a certain extent, been realized; and the strong feeling of sympathy between the best classes in both countries holds out a hope that, for many years to come, the supremacy of the Teutonic race, not only in Europe, but over all the world, will be maintained in common by the two champions of political freedom and of the liberty of thought, — Protestant England and Protestant Germany.

The interest, however, which Englishmen take in German literature has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the literature of the last fifty years, and very little is known of those fourteen centuries during which the German language had been growing up and gathering strength for the great triumphs which were achieved by Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. Nor is this to be wondered at. The number of people in England, who take any interest in the early history of their own literature, is extremely small, and there is as yet no history of English literature worthy of that name. It cannot be expected, therefore, that in England many people will care to read in the original the ancient epic poems of the "Nibelunge" or "Gudrun," or acquire a grammatical knowledge of the Gothic of Ulfilas and the Old High-German of Otfried. Gothic, Old High-German, and Middle High-German are three distinct languages, each possessing its own grammar, each differing from the others and from Modern

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German more materially than the Greek of Homer differs from the Greek of Demosthenes. Even in Germany these languages are studied only by professional antiquarians and scholars, and they do not form part of the general system of instruction in public schools and universities. The study of Gothic grammar alone (where we still find a dual in addition to the singular and plural, and where some tenses of the passive are still formed, as in Greek and Latin, without auxiliary verbs), would require as much time as the study of Greek grammar, though it would not offer the key to a literature like that of Greece. Old High-German, again, is as difficult a language to a German as Anglo-Saxon is to an Englishman; and the Middle High-German of the "Nibelunge," of Wolfram, and Walther, nay even of Eckhart and Tauler, is more remote from the language of Goethe than Chaucer is from Tennyson.

But, without acquiring a grammatical knowledge of these ancient languages, there are, I believe, not a few people who wish to know something of the history of German literature. Nor is this, if properly taught, a subject of narrow or merely antiquarian interest. The history of literature reflects and helps us to interpret the political history of a country. It contains, as it were, the confession which every generation, before it passed away, has made to posterity. "Without Literary History," as Lord Bacon says, "the History of the World seemeth to be as the Statue of Polyphemus with his eye out; that part being wanting which doth most shew the spirit and life of the person." From this point of view the historian of literature learns to value what to the critic would seem unmeaning and tedious, and he is loath to miss the works even of medi-

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ocre poets, where they throw light on the times in which they lived, and serve to connect the otherwise disjointed productions of men of the highest genius, separated, as these necessarily are, by long intervals in the annals of every country.

Although there exists no literature to reward the student of Gothic, yet every one who cares for the history of Germany and of German thought should know something of Ulfilas, the great Bishop of the Goths, who anticipated the work of Luther by more than a thousand years, and who, at a time when Greek and Latin were the only two respectable and orthodox languages of Europe, dared for the first time to translate the Bible into the vulgar tongue of Barbarians, as if foreseeing with a prophetic eye the destiny of these Teutonic tribes, whose language, after Greek and Latin had died away, was to become the life-spring of the Gospel over the whole civilized world. He ought to know something of those early missionaries and martyrs, most of them sent from Ireland and England to preach the Gospel in the dark forests of Germany, — men like St. Gall (died 638), St. Kilian (died 689), and St. Boniface (died 755), who were not content with felling the sacred oak-trees and baptizing unconverted multitudes, but founded missionary stations, and schools, and monasteries; working hard themselves in order to acquire a knowledge of the language and the character of the people, and drawing up those curious lists of barbarous words, with their no less barbarous equivalents in Latin, which we still possess, though copied by a later hand. He ought to know the gradual progress of Christianity and civilization in Germany, previous to the time of Charlemagne; for we see from the German translations of the Rules of the Ben-

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edictine monks, of ancient Latin hymns, the Creeds, the Lord's Prayer, and portions of the New Testament, that the good sense of the national clergy had led them to do what Charlemagne had afterwards to enjoin by repeated Capitularia.[1] It is in the history of German literature that we learn what Charlemagne really was. Though claimed as a saint by the Church of Rome, and styled *Empereur Français* by modern French historians, Karl was really and truly a German king, proud, no doubt, of his Roman subjects, and of his title of Emperor, and anxious to give to his uncouth Germans the benefit of Italian and English teachers, but fondly attached in his heart to his own mother tongue, to the lays and laws of his fatherland: feelings displayed in his own attempt to compose a German grammar, and in his collection of old national songs, fragments of which may have been preserved to us in the ballads of Hildebrand and Hadubrand.

After the death of Charlemagne, and under the reign of the good but weak King Ludwig, the prospects of a national literature in Germany became darkened. In one instance, indeed, the king was the patron of a German poet; for he encouraged the author of the "Heliand" to write that poem for the benefit of his newly converted countrymen. But he would hardly have approved of the thoroughly German and almost heathen spirit which pervades that Saxon epic of the New Testament, and he expressed his disgust at the old German poems which his great father had taught him in his youth. The seed, however, which Charlemagne had sown had fallen on

1 "Ut easdam homilias quisque (episcopus) aperte transferre studeat in *rusticam romanam* linguam aut *theodiscam*, quo facilius cuncti possint intelligere quæ dicantur." — Conc. Tur. can. 17. Wackernagel, *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur*, § 26.

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healthy soil, and grew up even without the sunshine of royal favor. The monastery of Fulda, under Hrabanus Maurus, the pupil of Alcuin, became the seminary of a truly national clergy. Here it was that Otfried, the author of the rhymed "Gospel-book" was brought up. In the mean time, the heterogeneous elements of the Carlovingian Empire broke asunder. Germany, by losing its French and Italian provinces, became Germany once more. Ludwig the German was King of Germany, Hrabanus Maurus Archbishop of Mayence; and the spirit of Charlemagne, Alcuin, and Eginhard was revived at Aachen, Fulda, and many other places, such as St. Gall, Weissenburg, and Corvey, where schools were founded on the model of that of Tours. The translation of the "Harmony of the Gospels," gives us a specimen of the quiet studies of those monasteries, whereas the lay on the victory of Louis III. over the Normans, in 881, reminds us of the dangers that threatened Germany from the West at the same time that the Hungarians began their inroads from the East. The Saxon Emperors had hard battles to fight against these invaders, and there were few places in Germany where the peaceful pursuits of the monasteries and schools could be carried on without interruption. St. Gall is the one bright star in the approaching gloom of the next centuries. Not only was the Bible read, and translated, and commented upon in German at St. Gall, as formerly at Fulda, but Greek and Roman classics were copied and studied for educational purposes. Notker Teutonicus is the great representative of that school, which continued to maintain its reputation for theological and classical learning, and for a careful cultivation of the national language, nearly to the close of

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the eleventh century. At the court of the Saxon Emperors, though their policy was thoroughly German, there was little taste for German poetry. The Queen of Otto I. was a Lombard, the Queen of Otto II. a Greek lady; and their influence was not favorable to the rude poetry of national bards. If some traces of their work have been preserved to us, we owe it again to the more national taste of the monks of St. Gall and Passau. They translate some of the German epics into Latin verse, such as the poem of the "Nibelunge," of "Walther of Aquitain," and of "Ruodlieb." The first is lost; but the other two have been preserved and published.[1] The stories of the Fox and the Bear, and the other animals, — a branch of poetry so peculiar to Germany, and epic rather than didactic in its origin, — attracted the attention of the monks; and it is owing again to their Latin translations that the existence of this curious style of poetry can be traced back so far as the tenth century.[2] As these poems are written in Latin, they could not find a place in a German reading-book; but they, as well as the unduly suspected Latin plays of the nun Hrosvitha, throw much light on the state of German civilization during the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The eleventh century presents almost an entire blank in the history of literature. Under the Frankish or Salic dynasty, Germany had either to defend herself against the inroads of Hungarian and Slavonic armies, or it was the battle-field of violent feuds between the Emperors and their vassals. The second half of that century was filled with the struggles be-

[1] *Lateinische Gedichte des X. und XI. Jahrhunderts*, von J. Grimm und A. Schmeller. Göttingen, 1838.

[2] *Reinhard Fuchs*, von Jacob Grimm. Berlin, 1834. *Sendschreiben*, an Karl Lachmann. Leipzig, 1840.

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tween Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII. The clergy, hitherto the chief support of German literature, became estranged from the German people; and the insecurity of the times was unfavorable to literary pursuits. Williram's German had lost the classical correctness of Notker's language, and the "Merigarto," and similar works, are written in a hybrid style, which is neither prose nor poetry. The Old High-German had become a literary language chiefly through the efforts of the clergy, and the character of the whole Old High-German literature is preëminently clerical. The Crusades put an end to the preponderance of the clerical element in the literature of Germany. They were, no doubt, the work of the clergy. By using to the utmost the influence which they had gradually gained and carefully fomented, the priests were able to rouse a whole nation to a pitch of religious enthusiasm never known before or after. But the Crusades were the last triumph of the clergy; and with their failure the predominant influence of the clerical element in German society is checked and extinguished.

From the first beginning of the Crusades the interest of the people was with the knight, — no longer with the priest. The chivalrous Emperors of the Hohenstaufen dynasty formed a new rallying point for all national sympathies. Their courts, and the castles of their vassals, offered a new and more genial home to the poets of Germany than the monasteries of Fulda and St. Gall. Poetry changed hands. The poets took their inspirations from real life, though they borrowed their models from the romantic cycles of Brittany and Provence. Middle High-German, the language of the Swabian court, became the language of poetry. The

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earliest compositions in that language continue for a while to bear the stamp of the clerical poetry of a former age. The first Middle High-German poems are written by a nun; and the poetical translation of the Books of Moses, the poem on Anno, Bishop of Cologne, and the "Chronicle of the Roman Emperors," all continue to breathe the spirit of cloisters and cathedral towns. And when a new taste for chivalrous romances was awakened in Germany; when the stories of Arthur and his knights, of Charlemagne and his champions, of Achilles, Æneas, and Alexander, in their modern dress, were imported by French and Provençal knights, who, on their way to Jerusalem, came to stay at the castles of their German allies, the first poets who ventured to imitate these motley compositions were priests, not laymen. A few short extracts from Konrad's "Roland" and Lamprecht's "Alexander" are sufficient to mark this period of transition. Like Charlemagne, who had been changed into a legendary hero by French poets before he became again the subject of German poetry, another German worthy returned at the same time to his native home, though but slightly changed by his foreign travels, "Reinhard the Fox." The influence of Provence and of Flanders is seen in every branch of German poetry at that time; and yet nothing can be more different than the same subject, as treated by French and German poets. The German Minnesänger in particular were far from being imitators of the Trouvères or Troubadours. There are a few solitary instances of lyric poems translated from Provençal into German;[1] as there is, on the other hand, one poem translated from German into

[1] *Poems of Grave Ruodolf von Fenis, Her Bernger von Horheim;* see *Des Minnesangs Frühling*, by Lachmann and Haupt. Leipzig, 1857.

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Italian,[1] early in the thirteenth century. But the great mass of German lyrics are of purely German growth. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic, purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and metre, its grace and imagery, have been touched by the more genial rays of the brilliant sun of a more southern sky. The same applies to the great romantic poems of that period. The first impulse came from abroad. The subjects were borrowed from a foreign source, and the earlier poems, such as Heinrich von Veldecke's "Æneid," might occasionally paraphrase the sentiments of French poets. But in the works of Hartmann von Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Gottfried von Strassburg, we breathe again the pure German air; and we cannot but regret that these men should have taken the subjects of their poems, with their unpronounceable names, extravagant conceits, and licentious manners, from foreign sources, while they had at home their grand mythology, their heroic traditions, their kings and saints, which would have been more worthy subjects than Tristan and Isold, Schionatulander and Sigune. There were new thoughts stirring in the hearts and minds of those men of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A hundred years before Dante, the German poets had gazed with their eyes wide open into that infinite reality which underlies our short existence on earth. To Wolfram, and to many a poet of his time, the human tragedy of this world presented the same unreal, transitory, and transparent aspect which we find again in Dante's "Divine Comedy." Every-

[1] Poem of the *Kürenberger*; see *Des Minnesangs Frühling*, pp. 8 and 230.

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thing points to another world. Beauty, love, virtue, happiness, — everything, in fact, that moves the heart of the poet, — has a hidden reference to something higher than this life; and the highest object of the highest poetry seems to be to transfer the mind to those regions where men feel the presence of a Divine power and a Divine love, and are lost in blissful adoration. The beginning of the thirteenth century is as great an era in the history of German literature as the beginning of the nineteenth. The German mind was completely regenerated. Old words, old thoughts, old metres, old fashions, were swept away, and a new spring dawned over Germany. The various branches of the Teutonic race which, after their inroads into the seats of Roman civilization, had for a time become separated, were beginning to assume a national independence, — when suddenly a new age of migration threatened to set in. The knights of France and Flanders, of England, Lombardy, and Sicily, left their brilliant castles. They marched to the East, carrying along with them the less polished, but equally enthusiastic, nobility of Germany. From the very first the spirit of the Roman towns in Italy and Gaul had exercised a more civilizing influence on the Barbarians who had crossed the Alps and the Rhine, whereas the Germans of Germany proper had been left to their own resources, assisted only by the lessons of the Roman clergy. Now, at the beginning of the Crusades, the various divisions of the German race met again, but they met as strangers; no longer with the impetuosity of Franks and Goths, but with the polished reserve of a Godefroy of Bouillon and the chivalrous bearing of a Frederick Barbarossa. The German Emperors and nobles opened their courts to receive their guests with

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brilliant hospitality. Their festivals, the splendor and beauty of their tournaments, attracted crowds from great distances, and foremost among them poets and singers. It was at such festivals as Heinrich von Veldecke describes at Mayence, in 1184, under Frederick I., that French and German poetry were brought face to face. It was here that high-born German poets learnt from French poets the subjects of their own romantic compositions. German ladies became the patrons of German poets; and the etiquette of French chivalry was imitated at the castles of German knights. Poets made bold for the first time to express their own feelings, their joys and sufferings, and epic poetry had to share its honors with lyric songs. Not only France and Germany, but England and Northern Italy were drawn into this gay society. Henry II. married Eleanor of Poitou, and her grace and beauty found eloquent admirers in the army of the Crusaders. Their daughter Mathilde was married to Henry the Lion, of Saxony, and one of the Provençal poets has celebrated her loveliness. Frenchmen became the tutors of the sons of the German nobility. French manners, dresses, dishes, and dances were the fashion everywhere. The poetry which flourished at the castles was soon adopted by the lower ranks. Travelling poets and jesters are frequently mentioned, and the poems of the "Nibelunge" and "Gudrun," such as we now possess them, were composed at that time by poets who took their subjects, their best thoughts and expressions, from the people, but imitated the language, the metre, and the manners of the court poets. The most famous courts to which the German poets resorted, and where they were entertained with generous hospitality, were the court of Leopold, Duke of

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Austria (1198–1230), and of his son Frederick II.; of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, who resided at the Wartburg, near Eisenach (1190–1215); of Berthold, Duke of Zähringen (1186–1218); and of the Swabian Emperors in general. At the present day, when not only the language, but even the thoughts of these poets have become to most of us unintelligible and strange, we cannot claim for their poetry more than an historical interest. But if we wish to know the men who took a leading part in the Crusades, who fought with the Emperors against the Pope, or with the Pope against the Emperors, who lived in magnificent castles like that of the Wartburg, and founded cathedrals like that of Cologne (1248), we must read the poetry which they admired, which they composed or patronized. The subjects of their Romances cannot gain our sympathy. They are artificial, unreal, with little of humanity, and still less of nationality in them. But the mind of a poet like Wolfram von Eschenbach rises above all these difficulties. He has thoughts of his own, truly human, deeply religious, and thoroughly national; and there are expressions and comparisons in his poetry which had never been used before. His style, however, is lengthy, his descriptions tiresome, and his characters somewhat vague and unearthly. As critics, we should have to bestow on Wolfram von Eschenbach, on Gottfried von Strassburg, even on Hartman von Aue and Walther von der Vogelweide, as much of blame as of praise. But as historians, we cannot value them too highly. If we measure them with the poets that preceded and those that followed them, they tower above all like giants. From the deep marks which they left behind, we discover that they were men of creative genius, men who had looked at

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life with their own eyes, and were able to express what they had seen and thought and felt in a language which fascinated their contemporaries, and which even now holds its charm over all who can bring themselves to study their works in the same spirit in which they read the tragedies of Æschylus, or the "Divina Commedia" of Dante.

But the heyday of German chivalry and chivalrous poetry was of short duration. Toward the end of the thirteenth century we begin to feel that the age is no longer aspiring, and hoping, and growing. The world assumes a different aspect. Its youth and vigor seem spent; and the children of a new generation begin to be wiser and sadder than their fathers. The Crusades languish. Their object, like the object of many a youthful hope, has proved unattainable. The Knights no longer take the Cross "because God wills it;" but because the Pope commands a Crusade, bargains for subsidies, and the Emperor cannot decline his commands. Walther von der Vogelweide already is most bitter in his attacks on Rome. Walther was the friend of Frederick II. (1215–50), an Emperor who reminds us, in several respects, of his namesake of Prussia. He was a sovereign of literary tastes, — himself a poet and a philosopher. Harassed by the Pope, he retaliated most fiercely, and was at last accused of a design to extirpate the Christian religion. The ban was published against him, and his own son rose in rebellion. Germany remained faithful to her Emperor, and the Emperor was successful against his son. But he soon died in disappointment and despair. With him the star of the Swabian dynasty had set, and the sweet sounds of the Swabian lyre died away with the last breath of Corradino, the last of the Hohenstaufen,

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on the scaffold at Naples, in 1268. Germany was breaking down under heavy burdens. It was visited by the papal interdict, by famine, by pestilence. Sometimes there was no Emperor, sometimes there were two or three. Rebellion could not be kept under, nor could crime be punished. The only law was the "Law of the Fist." The Church was deeply demoralized. Who was to listen to romantic poetry? There was no lack of poets or of poetry. Rudolf von Ems, a poet called Der Stricker, and Konrad von Würzburg, all of them living in the middle of the thirteenth century, were more fertile than Hartmann von Aue and Gottfried von Strassburg. They complain, however, that no one took notice of them, and they are evidently conscious themselves of their inferiority. Lyric poetry continued to flourish for a time, but it degenerated into an unworthy idolatry of ladies, and affected sentimentality. There is but one branch of poetry in which we find a certain originality, the didactic and satiric. The first beginnings of this new kind of poetry carry us back to the age of Walther von der Vogelweide. Many of his verses are satirical, political, and didactic; and it is supposed, on very good authority, that Walther was the author of an anonymous didactic poem, "Freidank's Bescheidenheit." By Thomasin von Zerclar, or Tommasino di Circlaria, we have a metrical composition on manners, the "Italian Guest," which likewise belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century.[1] Somewhat later we meet, in the works of the Stricker, with the broader satire of the middle classes; and toward the close of the cen-

[1] See an account of the *Italian Guest* of Thomasin von Zerclaria by Eugene Oswald, in *Queene Elizabethe's Achademy*, edited by F. J. Furnivall. London, 1869. This thoughtful essay contains some important information on Thomasin.

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tury, Hugo von Trimberg, in his "Renner," addresses himself to the lower ranks of German society, and no longer to princes, knights, and ladies.

How is this to be accounted for? Poetry was evidently changing hands again. The Crusades had made the princes and knights the representatives and leaders of the whole nation; and during the contest between the imperial and the papal powers, the destinies of Germany were chiefly in the hands of the hereditary nobility. The literature, which before that time was entirely clerical, had then become worldly and chivalrous. But now, when the power of the emperors began to decline, when the clergy was driven into taking a decidedly anti-national position, when the unity of the empire was well-nigh destroyed, and princes and prelates were asserting their independence by plunder and by warfare, a new element of society rose to the surface, — the middle classes, — the burghers of the free towns of Germany. They were forced to hold together, in order to protect themselves against their former protectors. They fortified their cities, formed corporations, watched over law and morality, and founded those powerful leagues, the first of which, the Hansa, dates from 1241. Poetry also took refuge behind the walls of free towns; and at the fireside of the worthy citizen had to exchange her gay, chivalrous, and romantic strains, for themes more subdued, practical, and homely. This accounts for such works as Hugo von Trimberg's "Renner," as well as for the general character of the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Poetry became a trade like any other. Guilds were formed, consisting of master-singers and their apprentices. Heinrich Frauenlob is called the first Meistersänger; and during the four-

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teenth, the fifteenth, and even the sixteenth centuries, new guilds or schools sprang up in all the principal towns of Germany. After order had been restored by the first Hapsburg dynasty, the intellectual and literary activity of Germany retained its centre of gravitation in the middle classes. Rudolf von Hapsburg was not gifted with a poetical nature, and contemporaneous poets complain of his want of liberality. Attempts were made to revive the chivalrous poetry of the Crusades by Hugo von Montfort and Oswald von Wolkenstein in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and again at the end of the same century by the "Last of the German Knights," the Emperor Maximilian. But these attempts could not but fail. The age of chivalry was gone, and there was nothing great or inspiring in the wars which the Emperors had to wage during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries against their vassals, against the Pope, against the precursors of the Reformation, the Hussites, and against the Turks. In Fritsche Closener's "Chronicle" there is a description of the citizens of Strassburg defending themselves against their bishop in 1312; in Twinger's "Chronicle" a picture of the processions of the Flagellants and the religious enthusiasm of that time (1349). The poems of Suchenwirt and Halbsuter represent the wars of Austria against Switzerland (1386), and Niclas von Weyl's translation gives us a glimpse into the Council of Constance (1414) and the Hussite wars, which were soon to follow. The poetry of those two centuries, which was written by and for the people, is interesting historically, but, with few exceptions, without any further worth. The poets wish to amuse or to instruct their humble patrons, and they do this, either by giving them the dry bones of

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the romantic poetry of former ages, or by telling them fables and the quaint stories of the "Seven Wise Masters." What beauty there was in a Meistergesang may be fairly seen from the poem of Michael Beheim; and the Easter play by no means shows the lowest ebb of good taste in the popular literature of that time.

It might seem, indeed, as if all the high and noble aspirations of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had been lost and forgotten during the fourteenth and fifteenth. And yet it was not quite so. There was one class of men on whom the spirit of true nobility had descended, and whose works form a connecting chain between the great era of the Crusades and the still greater era of the Reformation. These are the so-called Mystics, — true Crusaders, true knights of the Spirit, many of whom sacrificed their lives for the cause of truth, and who at last conquered from the hands of the infidels that Holy Sepulchre in which the true Christian faith had been lying buried for centuries. The name of Mystics, which has been given to these men, is apt to mislead. Their writings are not dark or unintelligible, and those who call them so must find Christianity itself unintelligible and dark. There is more broad daylight in Eckhart and Tauler than in the works of all the Thomists and Scotists. Eckhart was not a dreamer. He had been a pupil of Thomas Aquinas, and his own style is sometimes painfully scholastic. But there is a fresh breeze of thought in his works, and in the works of his disciples. They knew that whenever the problems of man's relation to God, the creation of the world, the origin of evil, and the hope of salvation come to be discussed, the sharpest edge of logical reasoning will turn, and the best defined terms of metaphysics die away into mere mu-

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sic. They knew that the hard and narrow categories of the schoolmen do greater violence to the highest truths of religion than the soft, and vague, and vanishing tones with which they tried to shadow forth in the vulgar language of the people the distant objects which transcend the horizon of human understanding. They did not handle the truths of Christianity as if they should or could be proved by the syllogisms of our human reasoning. Nevertheless these Mystics were hard and honest thinkers, and never played with words and phrases. Their faith is to them as clear and as real as sunshine; and instead of throwing scholastic dust into the eyes of the people, they boldly told them to open their eyes and to look at the mysteries all around them, and to feel the presence of God within and without, which the priests had veiled by the very revelation which they had preached. For a true appreciation of the times in which they lived, the works of these Reformers of the Faith are invaluable. Without them we should try in vain to explain how a nation which, to judge from its literature, seemed to have lost all vigor and virtue, could suddenly rise and dare the work of a reformation of the Church. With them we learn how that same nation, after groaning for centuries under the yoke of superstition and hypocrisy, found in its very prostration the source of an irresistible strength. The higher clergy contributed hardly anything to the literature of these two centuries; and what they wrote would better have remained unwritten. At St. Gall, toward the end of the thirteenth century, the monks, the successors of Notker, were unable to sign their names. The Abbot was a nobleman who composed love-songs, a branch of poetry at all events out of place in the monastery founded by St. Gall.

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It is only among the lower clergy that we find the traces of genuine Christian piety and intellectual activity, though frequently branded by obese prelates and obtuse magistrates with the names of mysticism and heresy. The orders of the Franciscans and Dominicans, founded in 1208 and 1215, and intended to act as clerical spies and confessors, began to fraternize in many parts of Germany with the people against the higher clergy. The people were hungry and thirsty after religious teaching. They had been systematically starved, or fed with stones. Part of the Bible had been translated for the people, but what Ulfilas was free to do in the fourth century, was condemned by the prelates assembled at the Synod of Trier in 1231. Nor were the sermons of the itinerant friars in towns and villages always to the taste of bishops and abbots. We possess collections of these discourses, preached by Franciscans and Dominicans under the trees of cemeteries, and from the church-towers of the villages. Brother Berthold, who died in 1272, was a Franciscan. He travelled about the country, and was revered by the poor like a saint and prophet. The doctrine he preached, though it was the old teaching of the Apostles, was as new to the peasants who came to hear him, as it had been to the citizens of Athens who came to hear St. Paul. The saying of St Chrysostom that Christianity had turned many a peasant into a philosopher, came true again in the time of Eckhart and Tauler. Men who called themselves Christians had been taught, and had brought themselves to believe, that to read the writings of the Apostles was a deadly sin. Yet in secret they were yearning after that forbidden Bible. They knew that there were translations, and though these translations had

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been condemned by popes and synods, the people could not resist the temptation of reading them. In 1373, we find the first complete version of the Bible into German, by Matthias of Beheim. Several are mentioned after this. The new religious fervor that had been kindled among the inferior clergy, and among the lower and middle classes of the laity, became stronger; and, though it sometimes degenerated into wild fanaticism, the sacred spark was kept in safe hands by such men as Eckhart (died 1329), Tauler (died 1361), and the author of the German Theology. Men like these are sure to conquer; they are persecuted justly or unjustly; they suffer and die, and all they thought and said and did seems for a time to have been in vain. But suddenly their work, long marked as dangerous in the smooth current of society, rises above the surface like the coral reefs in the Pacific, and it remains for centuries the firm foundation of a new world of thought and faith. Without the labors of these Reformers of the Faith, the Reformers of the Church would never have found a whole nation waiting to receive, and ready to support them.

There are two other events which prepared the way of the German Reformers of the sixteenth century: the foundation of universities, and the invention of printing. Their importance is the same in the literary and in the political history of Germany. The intellectual and moral character of a nation is formed in schools and universities; and those who educate a people have always been its real masters, though they may go by a more modest name. Under the Roman Empire public schools had been supported by the government, both at Rome and in the chief towns of the Provinces. We know of their existence in Gaul and

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parts of Germany. With the decline of the central authority, the salaries of the grammarians and rhetors in the Provinces ceased to be paid, and the pagan gymnasia were succeeded by Christian schools, attached to episcopal sees and monasteries. Whilst the clergy retained their vigor and efficiency, their schools were powerful engines for spreading a half clerical and half classical culture in Germany. During the Crusades, when ecclesiastical activity and learning declined very rapidly, we hear of French tutors at the castles of the nobility, and classical learning gave way to the superficial polish of a chivalrous age. And when the nobility likewise relapsed into a state of savage barbarism, new schools were wanted, and they were founded by the towns, the only places where, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we see any evidence of a healthy political life. The first town schools are mentioned in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and they were soon followed by the high schools and universities. The University of Prague was founded in 1348; Vienna, 1366; Heidelberg, 1386; Erfurt, 1392; Leipzig, 1408; Basle, 1460; Tübingen, 1477; Mainz, 1482. These universities are a novel feature in the history of German and of European civilization. They are not ecclesiastical seminaries, not restricted to any particular class of society; they are national institutions, open to the rich and the poor, to the knight, the clerk, the citizen. They are real universities of learning: they profess to teach all branches of knowledge, — theology and law, medicine and philosophy. They contain the first practical acknowledgment of the right of every subject to the highest education, and through it to the highest offices in Church and State. Neither Greece

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nor Rome had known such institutions: neither the Church nor the nobility, during the days of their political supremacy, were sufficiently impressed with the duty which they owed to the nation at large to provide such places of liberal education. It was the nation itself, when forsaken by its clergy and harassed by its nobility, which called these schools into life; and it is in these schools and universities that the great men who inaugurate the next period of literature — the champions of political liberty and religious freedom — were fostered and formed.

The invention of printing was in itself a reformation, and its benefits were chiefly felt by the great masses of the people. The clergy possessed their libraries, where they might read and study if they chose; the castles contained collections of MSS., sacred and profane, illuminated with the most exquisite taste; while the citizen, the poor layman, though he might be able to read and to write, was debarred from the use of books, and had to satisfy his literary tastes with the sermons of travelling Franciscans, or the songs of blind beggars and peddlers. The art of printing admitted that large class to the same privileges which had hitherto been enjoyed almost exclusively by clergy and nobility: it placed in the hands of the third estate arms more powerful than the swords of the knights, and the thunderbolts of the priests: it was a revolution in the history of literature more eventful than any in the history of mankind. Poets and philosophers addressed themselves no longer to emperors and noblemen, to knights and ladies, but to the people at large, and especially to the middle classes, in which henceforth the chief strength of the nation resides.

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The years from 1450 to 1500 form a period of preparation for the great struggle that was to inaugurate the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was an age "rich in scholars, copious in pedants, but poor in genius, and barren of strong thinkers." One of the few interesting men in whose life and writings the history of that preliminary age may be studied, is Sebastian Brant, the famous author of the famous "Ship of Fools."

With the sixteenth century, we enter upon the modern history and the modern literature of Germany. We shall here pass on more rapidly, dwelling only on the men in whose writings the political and social changes of Germany can best be studied.

With Luther, the literary language of Germany became New High-German. A change of language invariably betokens a change in the social constitution of a country. In Germany, at the time of the Reformation, the change of language marks the rise of a new aristocracy, which is henceforth to reside in the universities. Literature leaves its former homes. It speaks no longer the language of the towns. It addresses itself no longer to a few citizens, nor to imperial patrons, such as Maximilian I. It indulges no longer in moral saws, didactic verses, and prose novels, nor is it content with mystic philosophy and the secret outpourings of religious fervor. For a time, though but for a short time, German literature becomes national. Poets and writers wish to be heard beyond the walls of their monasteries and cities. They speak to the whole nation; nay, they desire to be heard beyond the frontiers of their country. Luther and the Reformers belonged to no class, — they belonged to the people. The voice of the people, which during

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the preceding periods of literature could only be heard like the rolling of distant thunder, had now become articulate and distinct, and for a time one thought seemed to unite all classes, — emperors, kings, nobles, and citizens, clergy and laity, high and low, old and young. This is a novel sight in the history of Germany. We have seen in the first period the gradual growth of the clergy, from the time when the first missionaries were massacred in the marshes of Friesland to the time when the Emperor stood penitent before the gates of Canossa. We have seen the rise of the nobility, from the time when the barbarian chiefs preferred living outside the walls of cities to the time when they rivaled the French cavaliers in courtly bearing and chivalrous bravery. Nor were the representatives of these two orders, the Pope and the Emperor, less powerful at the beginning of the sixteenth century than they had been before. Charles V. was the most powerful sovereign whom Europe had seen since the days of Charlemagne, and the papal see had recovered by diplomatic intrigue much of the influence which it had lost by moral depravity. Let us think, then, of these two ancient powers: the Emperor with his armies, recruited in Austria, Spain, Naples, Sicily, and Burgundy, and with his treasures brought from Mexico and Peru; and the Pope with his armies of priests and monks, recruited from all parts of the Christian world, and armed with the weapons of the Inquisition and the thunderbolts of excommunication: let us think of their former victories, their confidence in their own strength, their belief in their divine right: and let us then turn our eyes to the small University of Wittenberg, and into the bleak study of a poor Augustine monk, and see that monk

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step out of his study with no weapon in his hand but the Bible, — with no armies and no treasures, — and yet defying with his clear and manly voice both Pope and Emperor, both clergy and nobility: there is no grander sight in history; and the longer we allow our eyes to dwell on it, the more we feel that history is not without God, and that at every decisive battle the divine right of truth asserts its supremacy over the divine right of Popes and Emperors, and overthrows with one breath both empires and hierarchies. We call the Reformation the work of Luther; but Luther stood not alone, and no really great man ever stood alone. The secret of their greatness lies in their understanding the spirit of the age in which they live, and in giving expression with the full power of faith and conviction to the secret thoughts of millions. Luther was but lending words to the silent soul of suffering Germany, and no one should call himself a Protestant who is not a Lutheran with Luther at the Diet of Worms, and able to say with him in the face of princes and prelates, "Here I stand; I can do otherwise; God help me: Amen."

As the Emperor was the representative of the nobility, as the Pope was the representative of the clergy, Luther was the head and leader of the people, which through him and through his fellow-workers claimed now, for the first time, an equality with the two old estates of the realm. If this national struggle took at first an aspect chiefly religious, it was because the German nation had freedom of thought and of belief more at heart than political freedom. But political rights also were soon demanded, and demanded with such violence, that during his own life-time Luther had to repress the excesses of enthusiastic theorists and of a violent peasantry. Luther's great influence on the lit-

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erature of Germany, and the gradual adoption of his dialect as the literary language, were owing in a great measure to this, that whatever there was of literature during the sixteenth century, was chiefly in the hands of one class of men. After the Reformation, nearly all eminent men in Germany — poets, philosophers, and historians — belonged to the Protestant party, and resided chiefly in the universities.

The universities were what the monasteries had been under Charlemagne, the castles under Frederick Barbarossa, — the centres of gravitation for the intellectual and political life of the country. The true nobility of Germany was no longer to be found among the priests, — Alcuin, Hrabanus Maurus, Notker Teutonicus; nor among the knights, — Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and their patrons, Frederick II., Hermann von Thüringen, and Leopold of Austria. The intellectual sceptre of Germany was wielded by a new nobility, — a nobility that had risen from the ranks, like the priests and the knights, but which, for a time at least, kept itself from becoming a caste, and from cutting away those roots through which it imbibed its vigor and sustained its strength. It had its castles in the universities, its tournaments in the diets of Worms and Augsburg, and it counted among its members, dukes and peasants, divines and soldiers, lawyers and artists. This was not, indeed, an hereditary nobility, but on that very ground it is a nobility which can never become extinct. The danger, however, which threatens all aristocracies, whether martial, clerical, or municipal, was not averted from the intellectual aristocracy of Germany. The rising spirit of caste deprived the second generation of that power which men like Luther

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had gained at the beginning of the Reformation. The moral influence of the universities in Germany was great, and it is great at the present day. But it would have been greater and more beneficial if the conceit of caste had not separated the leaders of the nation from the ranks whence they themselves had arisen, and to which alone they owed their position and their influence. It was the same with the priests, who would rather form a hierarchy than be merged in the laity. It was the same with the knights, who would rather form a select society than live among the gentry. Both cut away the ground under their feet; and the Reformers of the sixteenth century fell into the same snare before they were aware of it. We wonder at the eccentricities of the priesthood, at the conceit of the hereditary nobility, at the affectation of majestic stateliness inherent in royalty. But the pedantic display of learning, the disregard of the real wants of the people, the contempt of all knowledge which does not wear the academic garb, show the same foible, the same conceit, the same spirit of caste among those who, from the sixteenth century to the present day, have occupied the most prominent rank in the society of Germany. Professorial knight-errantry still waits for its Cervantes. Nowhere have the objects of learning been so completely sacrificed to the means of learning, nowhere has that Dulcinea, — knowledge for its own sake, — with her dark veil and her barren heart, numbered so many admirers; nowhere have so many windmills been fought, and so many real enemies been left unhurt, as in Germany, particularly during the last two centuries. New universities have been founded: Marburg, in 1527; Königsberg, in 1547; Jena, in 1558; Helmstädt, in 1575; Giessen, in 1607.

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And the more the number and the power of the professors increased, the more they forgot that they and their learning, their universities and their libraries, were for the benefit of the people; that a professor might be very learned, and very accurate, and very laborious, yet worse than useless as a member of our toiling society. It was considered more learned and respectable to teach in Latin, and all lectures at the universities were given in that language. Luther was sneered at because of his little German tracts which "any village clerk might have written." Some of the best poets in the sixteenth century were men such as Eoban Hessius (1540), who composed their poetry in Latin. National poems, for instance, Brant's "Ship of Fools," were translated into Latin in order to induce the German professors to read them. The learned doctors were ashamed of their honest native names. Schwarzerd must needs call himself Melancthon; Meissel Celtes, Schnitter Agricola; Hausschein, Œcolampadius! All this might look very learned, and professorial, and imposing; but it separated the professors from the people at large; it retarded the progress of national education, and blighted the prospects of a national policy in Germany. Everything promised well at the time of the Reformation; and a new Germany might have risen before a new France, if, like Luther, the leaders of the nation had remained true to their calling. But when to speak Latin was considered more learned than to speak German, when to amass vast information was considered more creditable than to digest and to use it, when popularity became the same bugbear to the professors which profanity had been to the clergy, and vulgarity to the knights, Luther's work was undone; and two more

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centuries had to be spent in pedantic controversies, theological disputes, sectarian squabbles, and political prostration, before a new national spirit could rise again in men like Lessing, and Schiller, and Fichte, and Stein. Ambitious princes and quarrelsome divines continued the rulers of Germany, and, towards the end of the sixteenth century, everything seemed drifting back into the Middle Ages. Then came the Thirty Years' War, a most disastrous war for Germany, which is felt in its results to the present day. If, as a civil and religious contest, it had been fought out between the two parties, — the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Germany, — it would have left, as in England, one side victorious; it would have been brought to an end before both were utterly exhausted. But the Protestants, weakened by their own dissensions, had to call in foreign aid. First Denmark, then Sweden, poured their armies into Germany, and even France — Roman Catholic France — gave her support to Gustavus Adolphus and the Protestant cause. England, the true ally of Germany, was too weak at home to make her influence felt abroad. At the close of the war, the Protestants received indeed the same rights as the Roman Catholics; but the nation was so completely demoralized that it hardly cared for the liberties guaranteed by the treaty of Westphalia. The physical and moral vigor of the nation was broken. The population of Germany is said to have been reduced by one half. Thousands of villages and towns had been burnt to the ground. The schools, the churches, the universities, were deserted. A whole generation had grown up during the war, particularly among the lower classes, with no education at all. The merchants of Germany, who formerly, as Æneas Sylvius said, lived more hand-

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somely than the Kings of Scotland, were reduced to small traders. The Hansa was broken up. Holland, England, and Sweden had taken the wind out of her sails. In the Eastern provinces, commerce was suspended by the inroads of the Turks; whilst the discovery of America, and of the new passage to the East Indies, had reduced the importance of the mercantile navy of Germany and Italy in the Mediterranean. Where there was any national feeling left, it was a feeling of shame and despair, and the Emperor and the small princes of Germany might have governed even more selfishly than they did, without rousing opposition among the people.

What can we expect of the literature of such times? Popular poetry preserved some of its indestructible charms. The Meistersänger went on composing according to the rules of their guilds, but we look in vain for the raciness and honest simplicity of Hans Sachs. Some of the professors wrote plays in the style of Terence, or after English models, and fables became fashionable in the style of Phædrus. But there was no trace anywhere of originality, truth, taste, or feeling, except in that branch which, like the palm-tree, thrives best in the desert, — sacred poetry. Paul Gerhard is still without an equal as a poet of sacred songs; and many of the best hymns which are heard in the Protestant churches of Germany date from the seventeenth century. Soon, however, this class of poetry also degenerated on one side into dry theological phraseology, on the other into sentimental and almost erotic affectation.

There was no hope of a regeneration in German literature, unless either great political and social events should rouse the national mind from its lan-

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guor, or the classical models of pure taste and true art should be studied again in a different spirit from that of professorial pedantry. Now, after the Thirty Years' War, there was no war in Germany in which the nation took any warm interest. The policy pursued in France during the long reign of Louis XIV. (1643–1708) had its chief aim in weakening the house of Hapsburg. When the Protestants would no longer fight his battles, Louis roused the Turks. Vienna was nearly taken, and Austria owed its delivery to Johann Sobiesky. By the treaty of Ryswick (1697), all the country on the left side of the Rhine was ceded to France, and German soldiers fought under the banners of the Great Monarch. The only German prince who dared to uphold the honor of the empire, and to withstand the encroachments of Louis, was Frederick William, the great Elector of Prussia (1670–88). He checked the arrogance of the Swedish court, opened his towns to French Protestant refugees, and raised the house of Brandenburg to a European importance. In the same year in which his successor, Frederick III., assumed the royal title as Frederick I., the King of Spain, Charles I., died; and Louis XIV., whilst trying to add the Spanish crown to his monarchy, was at last checked in his grasping policy by an alliance between England and Germany. Prince Eugene and Marlborough restored the peace and the political equilibrium of Europe. In England, the different parties in Parliament, the frequenters of the clubs and coffee-houses, were then watching every move on the political chess-board of Europe, and criticising the victories of their generals and the treaties of their ambassadors. In Germany, the nation took but a passive part. It was excluded from all real

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share in the great questions of the day; and, if it showed any sympathies, they were confined to the simple admiration of a great general, such as Prince Eugene.

While the policy of Louis XIV. was undermining the political independence of Germany, the literature of his court exercised an influence hardly less detrimental on the literature of Germany. No doubt, the literature of France stood far higher at that time than that of Germany. "Poet" was amongst us a term of abuse, while in France the Great Monarch himself did homage to his great poets. But the professorial poets who had failed to learn the lessons of good taste from the Greek and Roman classics, were not likely to profit by an imitation of the spurious classicality of French literature. They heard the great stars of the court of Louis XIV. praised by their royal and princely patrons, as they returned from their travels in France and Italy, full of admiration for everything that was not German. They were delighted to hear that in France, in Holland, and in Italy, it was respectable to write poetry in the modern vernacular, and set to work in good earnest. After the model of the literary academies in Italy, academies were founded at the small courts of Germany. Men like Opitz would hardly have thought it dignified to write verses in their native tongue had it not been for the moral support which they received from these academies and their princely patrons. His first poems were written in Latin, but he afterwards devoted himself completely to German poetry. He became a member of the "Order of the Palm-tree," and the founder of what is called the *First Silesian School*. Opitz is the true representative of the classical poetry of the

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seventeenth century. He was a scholar and a gentleman; most correct in his language and versification; never venturing on ground that had not been trodden before by some classical poet, whether of Greece, Rome, France, Holland, or Italy. In him we also see the first traces of that baneful alliance between princes and poets which has deprived the German nation of so many of her best sons. But the charge of mean motives has been unjustly brought against Opitz by many historians. Poets require an audience, and at his time there was no class of people willing to listen to poetry, except the inmates of the small German courts. After the Thirty Years' War the power of these princes was greater than ever. They divided the spoil, and there was neither a nobility, nor a clergy, nor a national party to control or resist them. In England, the royal power had, at that time, been brought back to its proper limits, and it has thus been able to hold ever since, with but short interruptions, its dignified position, supported by the self-respect of a free and powerful nation. In France it assumed the most enormous proportions during the long reign of Louis XIV., but its appalling rise was followed, after a century, by a fall equally appalling, and it has not yet regained its proper position in the political system of that country. In Germany the royal power was less imposing, its prerogatives being divided between the Emperor and a number of small but almost independent vassals, remnants of that feudal system of the Middle Ages which in France and England had been absorbed by the rise of national monarchies. These small principalities explain the weakness of Germany in her relation with foreign powers, and the instability of her political constitution. Continental wars gave

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an excuse for keeping up large standing armies, and these standing armies stood between the nation and her sovereigns, and made any moral pressure of the one upon the other impossible. The third estate could never gain that share in the government which it had obtained, by its united action, in other countries; and no form of government can be stable which is deprived of the support and the active coöperation of the middle classes. Constitutions have been granted by enlightened sovereigns, such as Joseph II. and Frederick William IV., and barricades have been raised by the people at Vienna and at Berlin; but both have failed to restore the political health of the country. There is no longer a German nobility in the usual sense of the word. Its vigor was exhausted when the powerful vassals of the empire became powerless sovereigns with the titles of king or duke, while what remained of the landed nobility became more reduced with every generation, owing to the absence of the system of primogeniture. There is no longer a clergy as a powerful body in the state. This was broken up at the time of the Reformation; and it hardly had time to recover and to constitute itself on a new basis, when the Thirty Years' War deprived it of all social influence, and left it no alternative but to become a salaried class of servants of the crown. No third estate exists powerful enough to defend the interests of the commonwealth against the encroachments of the sovereign; and public opinion, though it may pronounce itself within certain limits, has no means of legal opposition, and must choose, at every critical moment, between submission to the royal will and rebellion.

Thus, during the whole modern history of Ger-

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many, the political and intellectual supremacy is divided. The former is monopolized by the sovereigns, the latter belongs to a small class of learned men. These two soon begin to attract each other. The kings seek the society, the advice, and support of literary men; whilst literary men court the patronage of kings, and acquire powerful influence by governing those who govern the people. From the time of Opitz there have been few men of eminence in literature or science who have not been drawn toward one of the larger or smaller courts of Germany; and the whole of our modern literature bears the marks of this union between princes and poets. It has been said that the existence of these numerous centres of civilization has proved beneficial to the growth of literature; and it has been pointed out that some of the smallest courts, such as Weimar, have raised the greatest men in poetry and science. Goethe himself gives expression to this opinion. "What has made Germany great," he says, "but the culture which is spread through the whole country in such a marvelous manner, and pervades equally all parts of the realm? And this culture, does it not emanate from the numerous courts which grant it support and patronage? Suppose we had had in Germany for centuries but two capitals, Vienna and Berlin, or but one; I should like to know how it would have fared with German civilization, or even with that general well-being which goes hand in hand with true civilization." In these words we hear Goethe, the minister of the petty court of Weimar, not the great poet of a great nation. Has France had more than one capital? Has England had more than one court? Great men have risen to eminence in great monarchies like France, and

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they have risen to eminence in a great commonwealth such as England, without the patronage of courts, by the support, the sympathy, the love of a great nation. Truly national poetry exists only where there is a truly national life; and the poet who, in creating his works, thinks of a whole nation which will listen to him and be proud of him, is inspired by a nobler passion than he who looks to his royal master, or the applause even of the most refined audience of the *dames de la cour*. In a free country, the sovereign is the highest and most honored representative of the national will, and he honors himself by honoring those who have well deserved of his country. There a poet laureate may hold an independent and dignified position, conscious of his own worth, and of the support of the nation. But in despotic countries, the favor even of the most enlightened sovereign is dangerous. Germany never had a more enlightened king than Frederick the Great; and yet, when he speaks of the Queen receiving Leibnitz at court, he says, "She believed that it was not unworthy of a queen to show honor to a philosopher; and as those who have received from heaven a privileged soul rise to the level of sovereigns, she admitted Leibnitz into her familiar society."

The seventeenth century saw the rise and fall of the first and the second Silesian schools. The first is represented by men like Opitz and Weckherlin, and it exercised an influence in the North of Germany on Simon Dach, Paul Flemming, and a number of less gifted poets, who are generally known by the name of the *Königsberg School*. Its character is pseudo-classical. All these poets endeavored to write correctly, sedately, and eloquently. Some of them aimed at a certain

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simplicity and sincerity, which we admire particularly in Flemming. But it would be difficult to find in all their writings one single thought, one single expression, that had not been used before. The second Silesian school is more ambitious; but its poetic flights are more disappointing even than the honest prose of Opitz. The "Shepherds of the Pegnitz" had tried to imitate the brilliant diction of the Italian poets; but the modern Meistersänger of the old town of Nürnberg had produced nothing but wordy jingle. Hoffmannswaldau and Lohenstein, the chief heroes of the second Silesian school, followed in their track, and did not succeed better. Their compositions are bombastic and full of metaphors. It is a poetry of adjectives, without substance, truth, or taste. Yet their poetry was admired, praised not less than Goethe and Schiller were praised by their contemporaries, and it lived beyond the seventeenth century. There were but few men during that time who kept aloof from the spirit of these two Silesian schools, and were not influenced by either Opitz or Hoffmannswaldau. Among these independent poets we have to mention Friedrich von Logau, Andreas Gryphius, and Moscherosch. Beside these, there were some prose writers whose works are not exactly works of art, but works of original thought, and of great importance to us in tracing the progress of science and literature during the dreariest period of German history. We can only mention the "Simplicissimus," a novel full of clever miniature drawing, and giving a truthful picture of German life during the Thirty Years' War; the patriotic writings of Professor Schupp; the historical works of Professor Pufendorf (1631–94); the pietistic sermons of Spener, and of Professor Franke (1663–1727), the

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founder of the Orphan School at Halle; Professor Arnold's (1666–1714) Ecclesiastical History; the first political pamphlets by Professor Thomasius (1655–1728); and among philosophers, Jacob Böhme at the beginning, and Leibnitz at the end of the seventeenth century.

The second Silesian school was defeated by Gottsched, professor at Leipzig. He exercised, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the same dictatorship as a poet and a critic which Opitz had exercised at the beginning of the seventeenth. Gottsched was the advocate of French models in art and poetry, and he used his wide-spread influence in recommending the correct and so-called classical style of the poets of the time. After having rendered good service in putting down the senseless extravagance of the school of Lohenstein, he became himself a pedantic and arrogant critic; and it was through the opposition which he roused by his "Gallomania" that German poetry was delivered at last from the trammels of that foreign school. Then followed a long literary warfare; Gottsched and his followers at Leipzig defended the French, Bodmer and his friends in Switzerland the English style of literature. The former insisted on classical form and traditional rules; the latter on natural sentiment and spontaneous expression. The question was, whether poets should imitate the works of the classics, or imitate the classics who had become classics by imitating nobody. A German professor wields an immense power by means of his journals. He is the editor; he writes in them himself, and allows others to write; he praises his friends, who are to laud him in turn; he patronizes his pupils, who are to call him master; he abuses his adversaries, and asks his

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allies to do the same. It was in this that Professor Gottsched triumphed for a long time over Bodmer and his party, till at last public opinion became too strong, and the dictator died the laughing-stock of Germany. It was in the very thick of this literary struggle that the great heroes of German poetry grew up, — Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. Goethe, who knew both Gottsched and Bodmer, has described that period of fermentation and transition in which his own mind was formed, and his extracts may be read as a commentary on the poetical productions of the first half of the eighteenth century. He does justice to Günther, and more than justice to Liscow. He shows the influence which men like Brockes, Hagedorn, and Haller exercised in making poetry respectable. He points out the new national life which, like an electric spark, flew through the whole country when Frederick the Great said, "*J'ai jeté le bonnet par-dessus les moulins;*" and defied, like a man, the political popery of Austria. The estimate which Goethe forms of the poets of the time, of Gleim and Uz, of Gessner and Rabener, and more especially of Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland, should be read in the original, as likewise Herder's "Rhapsody on Shakspeare." The latter contains the key to many of the secrets of that new period of literature, which was inaugurated by Goethe himself and by those who like him could dare to be classical by being true to nature and to themselves.

My object in taking this rapid survey of German literature has been to show that the extracts which I have collected in my "German Classics" have not been chosen at random, and that, if properly used, they can be read as a running commentary on the po-

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litical and social history of Germany. The history of literature is but an applied history of civilization. As in the history of civilization we watch the play of the three constituent classes of society, — clergy, nobility, and commoners, — we can see, in the history of literature, how that class which is supreme politically shows for the time being its supremacy in the literary productions of the age, and impresses its mark on the works of poets and philosophers.

Speaking very generally, we might say that, during the first period of German history, the really moving, civilizing, and ruling class was the clergy; and in the whole of German literature, nearly to the time of the Crusades, the clerical element predominates. The second period is marked by the Crusades, and the triumph of Teutonic and Romantic chivalry, and the literature of that period is of a strictly correspondent tone. After the Crusades, and during the political anarchy that followed, the sole principle of order and progress is found in the towns, and in the towns the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries finds its new home. At last, at the time of the Reformation, when the political life of the country assumed for a time a national character, German literature also is for a short time national. The hopes, however, which had been raised of a national policy and of a national literature were soon blighted, and, from the Thirty Years' War to the present day, the inheritance of the nation has been divided between princes and professors. There have been moments when the princes had to appeal to the nation at large, and to forget for a while their royal pretensions; and these times of national enthusiam, as during the wars of Frederick the Great, and during the wars against Napoleon, have not

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failed to tell on the literature of Germany. They produced a national spirit, free from professorial narrowness, such as we find in the writings of Lessing and Fichte. But with the exception of these short lucid intervals, Germany has always been under the absolute despotism of a number of small sovereigns and great professors, and her literature has been throughout in the hands of court poets and academic critics. Klopstock, Lessing, and Schiller are most free from either influence, and most impressed with the duties which a poet owes, before all, to the nation to which he belongs. Klopstock's national enthusiasm borders sometimes on the fantastic; for, as his own times could not inspire him, he borrowed the themes of his national panegyrics from the distant past of Arminius and the German bards. Lessing looked more to his own age, but he looked in vain for national heroes. "Pity the extraordinary man," says Goethe, "who had to live in such miserable times, which offered him no better subjects than those which he takes for his works. Pity him, that in his 'Minna von Barnhelm,' he had to take part in the quarrel between the Saxons and the Prussians, because he found nothing better. It was owing to the rottenness of his time that he always took, and was forced to take, a polemical position. In his 'Emilia Galotti,' he shows his *pique* against the princes; in 'Nathan,' against the priests." But, although the subjects of these works of Lessing were small, his object in writing was always great and national. He never condescended to amuse a provincial court by masquerades and comedies, nor did he degrade his genius by pandering, like Wieland, to the taste of a profligate nobility. Schiller, again, was a poet truly national and truly liberal; and although a

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man of aspirations rather than of actions, he has left a deeper impress on the kernel of the nation than either Wieland or Goethe. These considerations, however, must not interfere with our appreciation of the greatness of Goethe. On the contrary, when we see the small sphere in which he moved at Weimar, we admire the more the height to which he grew, and the freedom of his genius. And it is, perhaps, owing to this very absence of a strongly marked national feeling, that in Germany the first idea of a world-literature was conceived. "National literature," Goethe says, "is of little importance: the age of a world-literature is at hand, and every one ought to work in order to accelerate this new era." Perhaps Goethe felt that the true poet belonged to the whole of mankind, and that he must be intelligible beyond the frontiers of his own country. And, from this point of view, his idea of a world-literature has been realized, and his own works have gained their place side by side with the works of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare. But, so long as there are different languages and different nations, let each poet think and work and write for his own people, without caring for the applause of other countries. Science and philosophy are cosmopolitan; poetry and art are national: and those who would deprive the Muses of their home-sprung character, would deprive them of much of their native charms.

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LIST OF EXTRACTS FOR ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Fourth Century after Christ.

Gothic: —

Ulfilas, Translation of the Bible; the Lord's Prayer.

Seventh Century.

Old High-German: —

Vocabulary of St. Gall.

Eighth Century.

Old High-German: —

Interlinear Translation of the Benedictine Rules.
Translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew.
Exhortation addressed to the Christian Laity.
Literal Translations of the Hymns of the Old Church: —
1. Deus qui cordi lumen es.
2. Aurora lucis rutilat.
3. Te Deum laudamus.

The Song of Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand, — in alliterative metre.
The Prayer from the Monastery of Wessobrun, — in alliterative metre.
The Apostolic Creed.

Ninth Century.

Old High-German: —

From Einhard's Life of Charlemagne, — the German names of the Months and the Winds fixed by the Emperor.
Muspilli, or on the Last Judgment, — alliterative poem.
The Oaths of Lewis the German and Charles the Bald, and their armies at Strassburg, 842, in Old Frankish and Old French; from the History of Nithard, the grandson of Charlemagne.
The Heliand, or the Saviour, — old Saxon poem, in alliterative metre.
The Krist, or the Gospel-book, — poem in rhyme by Otfried, the pupil of Hrabanus Maurus, dedicated to Lewis the German.

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Old High-German (continued) : —

Translation of a Harmony of the Gospels.
Lay on St. Peter.
Song on the Victory gained by King Lewis III. at Saucourt, in 881, over the Normans.

Tenth Century.

Old High-German : —

Notker Teutonicus of St. Gall, —

1. Translation of the Psalms.
2. Treatise on Syllogisms.
2. Translation of Aristotle.
4. Translation of Boëthius de Consolatione.

Eleventh Century.

Old High-German : —

Williram's Explanation of the Song of Solomon.
Merigarto, or the Earth, — fragment of a geographical poem.

Twelfth Century.

Middle High-German : —

The Life of Jesus, — poem by the Nun Ava.
Poetical Translation of the Books of Moses.
Historical Poem on Anno, Bishop of Cologne.
Poetical Chronicle of the Roman Emperors.
Nortperti Tractatus de Virtutibus, translated.
The poem of Roland, by Konrad the Priest.
The poem of Alexander, by Lamprecht the Priest.
Poem of Reinhart the Fox.
Dietmar von Aist, — lyrics.
The Spervogel, — lyrics.
The Kürenberger, — lyrics.
The Eneid, by Heinrich von Veldecke.

Thirteenth Century.

Middle High-German : —

Hartmann von Aue; extracts from his "Iwein," — a heroic poem.
The Old Reinmar, — lyrics.
Walther von der Vogelweide, — lyrics.
Freidank's Bescheidenheit, — didactic poem.

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Middle High-German (continued):

Wolfram von Eschenbach, —
1. Extracts from his "Parcival," — a heroic poem.
2. Extracts from his "Titurel," — a heroic poem.

Gottfried von Strassburg; extracts from his "Tristan," — a heroic poem.
The poem of the "Nibelunge," — epic poem.
Thomasin von Zerclar; extracts from his poem on manners, called "The Italian Guest."
Neidhart von Reuenthal, — lyrics.
Otto von Botenlaube, — lyrics.
Gudrun, — epic poem.
The Stricker, — extract from his satirical poem, "Amis the Priest."
Rudolf von Ems, — extract from his "Wilhelm von Orleans."
Christian von Hamle, — lyrics.
Gottfried von Neifen, — lyrics.
Ulrich von Lichtenstein, — lyrics.
Sermon of Friar Berthold of Regensburg.
Reinmar von Zweter, — lyrics.
Master Stolle, — satire.
The Marner, — lyrics.
Master Konrad of Würzburg, —
1. Poem.
2. Extract from the Trojan War.

Anonymous poet, — extract from the life of St. Elizabeth.
Herman der Damen.
Anonymous poet, — extract from the "Wartburg Krieg."
Marcgrave Otto von Brandenburg, — lyrics.
Heinrich, Duke of Breslau, — lyrics.
Hugo von Trimberg, — extract from the "Renner."

Fourteenth Century.

Middle High-German: —

Heinrich Frauenlob, — lyrics.
Master Johann Hadlaub, — lyrics.
The Great Rosegarden, — popular epic poem.
Master Eckhart, — homily.
Hermann von Fritzlar, — life of St. Elizabeth.
Dr. Johann Tauler, — sermon.
Heinrich Suso.

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Middle High-German (continued) : —

Heinrich der Teichner, — fable.
Peter Suchenwirt, — on the death of Leopold, Duke of Austria, 1386.
Halbsuter's poem on the Battle of Sempach, 1386.
Fritsche Closener's Strassburg Chronicle.
Jacob Twinger's Chronicle, — on the Flagellants.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Middle High-German : —

Hugo von Montfort, — lyrics.
Oswald von Wolkenstein, — lyrics.
Muscatblüt, — lyrics.
Hans von Bühel's Life of Diocletian, or The Seven Wise Masters.
Popular Songs.
Sacred Songs.
The Soul's Comfort, — didactic prose.
Michael Beheim, — Meistergesang.
An Easter Mystery.
Popular Rhymes.
Caspar von der Roen's Heldenbuch, — Hildebrand and his Son.
Niclas von Weyl's Translations, — Hieronymus at the Council of Constance.
Veit Weber's poem on the Victory of Murten, 1476.
Heinrich Steinhöwel's Fables.
Sebastian Brant's "Ship of Fools."
Johann Geiler von Kaisersberg, — sermon.
Emperor Maximilian, — extract from the "Theuerdank."

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Modern High-German : —

Martin Luther, —
1. Sacred Song.
2. Letter on the Diet of the Jackdaws and Crows.
3. His Last Sermon.

Ulrich Zwingle : —
1. A Poem on his Illness.
2. Criticism on Luther.

Philipp Nicolai, — sacred songs.
Justus Jonas, — sacred songs.

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Modern High-German (continued) : —

Ulrich von Hutten, —
1. Letter to Franz von Sickingen.
2. Political poem.

Sebastian Frank, —
1. Preface to his Germania.
2. Rudolf von Hapsburg.
3. Maximilian der Erste.
4. Fables.

Burkard Waldis, — fables.

Hans Sachs, —
1. Sacred Song.
2. Poem on the Death of Martin Luther.
3. Poem on the War.

Petermann Etterlin's Chronicle, — William Tell and Rudolf von Hapsburg.

Ægidius Tschudi's Chronicle, — William Tell.

Paulus Melissus Schede.

Johann Fischart, —
1. Exhortation addressed to the German people.
2. Das glückhafte Schiff.

Georg Rollenhagen, — fable.

Popular Books, —
1. Tyll Eulenspiegel.
2. Dr. Faust.

Popular Songs.

Seventeenth Century.

Modern High-German : —

Martin Opitz, and the First Silesian School.

Georg Rudolf Weckherlin.

Anonymous Poem, — "O Ewigkeit."

Michael Altenburg's Camp-song (Gustavus Adolphus).

Johannes Heermann, — sacred song.

Popular Songs.

Johann Arndt, —
1. Sacred Song.
2. On the Power and Necessity of Prayer.

Jacob Böhme, Mysterium Magnum.

Johann Valentin Andreæ.

Friedrich Spee.

Julius Wilhelm Zincgreff.

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Modern High-German (continued) : —

Friedrich von Logau.
Simon Dach and the Königsberg School.
Paul Flemming.
Paul Gerhard.
Georg Philipp Harsdörffer and the Nürnberg School.
Johannes Rist.
Andreas Gryphius, —
1. Sonnets.
2. From the Tragedy " Cardenio and Celinde."
Joachim Rachel, — satire.
Johann Michael Moscherosch, — satires.
Christoph von Grimmelshausen, Simplicissimus, — novel.
Johann Balthasar Schupp, — on the German Language.
Angelus Silesius.
Hoffmannswaldau and Lohenstein, — Second Silesian School.
Abraham a Santa Clara, — sermon.
Philipp Jacob Spener, — on Luther.
Gottfried Arnold, — sacred poem.
Christian Weise.
Hans Assmann von Abschatz.
Friedrich R. L. von Canitz.
Christian Wernicke.
Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz, — on the German Language.

Eighteenth Century.

Modern High-German : —

Johann Christoph Gottsched, — Cato.
Johann Jacob Bodmer, — Character of German Poetry.
Barthold Heinrich Brockes.
Johann Christian Günther.
Nicolaus Ludwig Graf von Zinzendorf.
Christian Ludwig Liscow.
Friedrich von Hagedorn.
Albrecht von Haller.
Gottlieb Wilhelm Rabener.
Ewald Christian von Kleist.
Christian Fürchtegott Gellert.
Johann Ludwig Gleim.
Johann Peter Uz.

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Modern High-German (continued): —

Justus Möser.
Klopstock. See below.
Salomon Gessner.
Johann Winckelmann.
Lessing. See below.
Johann Georg Hamann.
Immanuel Kant.
Johann August Musæus.
Wieland. See below.
Gottlieb Konrad Pfeffel.
Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart.
Matthias Claudius.
Johann Caspar Lavater.
Herder. See below.
Heinrich Jung, Stilling.
Georg Christoph Lichtenberg.
Gottfried August Bürger.
Johann Heinrich Voss.
Friedrich Leopold und Christian Grafen zu Stollberg.
Das Siebengestirn der Dichter des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, —

1. Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock.
2. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.
3. Christoph Martin Wieland.
4. Johann Gottfried von Herder.
5. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.
6. Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller.
7. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

1858.

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II.

OLD GERMAN LOVE-SONGS.[1]

SEVEN hundred years ago! What a long time it seems! Philip Augustus, King of France; Henry II., King of England; Frederic I., the famous Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of St. Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They seem a different race of men from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the legendary history of their chivalrous achievements. It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles! Thomas à Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lived on, and his bones were working miracles, and his soul seemed as it were embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot of his martyrdom. Abelard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of the sixteenth century,

[1] *Des Minnesangs Frühling.* Herausgegeben von Karl Lachmann und Moritz Haupt. Leipzig, 1857.

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and the shrine of Abelard and Héloise in the Père La Chaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lived on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long slumber, and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard and Richard the Lion-heart; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. We feel from our very school-days as if we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, but we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armor on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armor, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine, might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry, — poetry unknown to the ancient world, — and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called Romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry, —

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purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and metre, its grace and imagery, show the marks of a warmer clime. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head, the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective, as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit; the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine; the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets, and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better if we think of Homer's "Helena" and Dante's "Beatrice," if we look at the "Venus of Milo" and a "Madonna" of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

The work which has caused these reflections is a volume of German poetry, just published by Lachmann and Haupt. It is called "Des Minnesangs Frühling," — "the Spring of the Songs of Love;" and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration, and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised. Tieck, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glow-

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ing language. "At that time," he says, "believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire: great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her." Carlyle, too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. "Then truly," he says, "was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women, and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray — not, indeed, without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music — were bidding it welcome." And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Swabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the "Nibelunge," or to Wolfram's grand poems of the "Parcival" and the "Holy Grail," it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade, — in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering

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at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem; and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it; and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry: —

"It has pained me in the heart,
Full many a time,
That I yearned after that
Which I may not have,
Nor ever shall win.
It is very grievous.
I do not mean gold or silver;
It is more like a human heart.

"I trained me a falcon,
More than a year.
When I had tamed him,
As I would have him,
And had well tied his feathers
With golden chains,
He soared up very high,
And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,
Flying happily;
He carried on his foot
Silken straps,
And his plumage was
All red of gold. . . . .
May God send them together,
Who would fain be loved."

The key-note of the whole poem of the "Nibelunge," such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is "Sorrow after Joy." This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with

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the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming "of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it." And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers: —

> "No more, no more, dear mother, say,
> From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
> That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
> I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she belongs; for him she lives, and for him, when "two fierce eagles tore him," she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the "Edda," the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same sombre cast. He wrote his "Parcival" about the time when the songs of the "Nibelunge" were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the British cycle of Arthur and his knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give is to him but a shadow, — the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Grail.

Faith, Love, and Honor are the chief subjects of the so-called Minnesänger. They are not what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. In English *Minne* would be "Minding," and

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it is different therefore from the Greek *Eros*, the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which means originally desire, not love. Most of the poems of the "Minnesänger" are sad rather than joyful, — joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the "Minnesänger" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise; and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle High-German, into Modern German, — much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the true poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the Minnesängers can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, — Dietmar von Eist: —

"A lady stood alone,
And gazed across the heath,
And gazed for her love.
She saw a falcon flying.
'O happy falcon that thou art,
Thou fliest wherever thou likest;
Thou choosest in the forest
A tree that pleases thee.
Thus I too had done.
I chose myself a man:
Him my eyes selected.

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Beautiful ladies envy me for it.
Alas! why will they not leave me my love?
I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.
Now woe to thee, joy of summer!
The song of birds is gone;
So are the leaves of the lime-tree:
Henceforth, my pretty eyes too
Will be overcast.
My love, thou shouldst take leave
Of other ladies;
Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.
When thou sawest me first,
I seemed to thee in truth
Right lovely made:
I remind thee of it, dear man!'"

These poems, simple and homely as they may seem to us, were loved and admired by the people for whom they were written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest care in the albums of kings and queens, and some of them were translated into foreign languages. The poem which we quoted first was translated as an Italian sonnet in the thirteenth century, and has been published in Franc Trucchi's "Poesie Italiane Inedite:" —

"Tapina me, che amava uno sparviero;
amaval tanto ch' io me ne moria;
a lo richiamo ben m' era maniero
ed unque troppo pascer no' l dovia.
or è montato e salito sì altero,
assai più altero che far non solia;
ed è assiso dentro a un verziero,
e un' altra donna l' averà in balìa.
isparvier mio, ch' io t' avea nodrito;
sonaglio d' oro ti facea portare,
perchè nell' uccellar fossi più ardito.
or sei salito siccome lo mare,
ed hai rotti li getti, e sei fuggito
quando eri fermo nel tuo uccellare."

One of the most original and thoughtful of the "Minnesänger" is the old Reinmar. His poems are given now for the first time in a correct and read-

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able text by Lachmann and Haupt, and many a difficult passage has been elucidated by their notes. His poems, however, are not easy to read, and we should have been thankful for some more help than the editors have given us in their notes. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry: —

"High as the sun stands my heart;
That is because of a lady who can be without change
In her grace, wherever she be.
She makes me free from all sorrow.

"I have nothing to give her, but my own life,
That belongs to her: the beautiful woman gives me always
Joy, and a high mind,
If I think of it, what she does for me.

"Well is it for me that I found her so true!
Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me;
If she went across the wild sea,
There I should go; I long so much for her.

"If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well
That I keep her, whom I should serve:
May she take care right well,
That nothing sad may ever befall me through her.

"I was never quite blessed, but through her:
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me!
It was a blessed thing for me
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her grace."

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says that, among all this warbling of love, there are infinite twitterings which, except their gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we like to read them as part of the bright history of those by-gone days. One poet sings: —

"If the whole world was mine,
From the Sea to the Rhine,
I would gladly give it all,
That the Queen of England
Lay in my arms," etc.

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Who was the impertinent German that dared to fall in love with a Queen of England? We do not know. But there can be no doubt that the Queen of England whom he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleanor of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II., who filled the heart of many a Crusader with unholy thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony, inspired many a poet of those days. Her beauty was celebrated by the Provençal Troubadours; and at the court of her husband, she encouraged several of her German vassals to follow the example of the French and Norman knights, and sing the love of Tristan and Isolt, and the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne. They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades! Nor have they passed away without leaving their impress on the hearts and minds of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepulchre, it is true, is still in the hands of the Infidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of valor are well-nigh forgotten, and their chivalrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love are smiled at by a wiser generation. But much that is noble and heroic in the feelings of the nineteenth century has its hidden roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture and Gothic poetry are the children of the same mother; and if the true but unadorned language of the heart, the aspirations of a real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love, are still listened to by the nations of Europe; and if what is called the Romantic school is strong enough to hold its ground against the classical taste and its royal patrons, such as Louis XIV., Charles II., and Frederick the Great, — we owe it to those chivalrous poets who dared for the first

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time to be what they were, and to say what they felt, and to whom Faith, Love, and Honor were worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan ages.

The new edition of the Poems of the "Minnesänger" is a masterpiece of German scholarship. It was commenced by Lachmann, the greatest critic, after Wolf, that Germany has produced. Lachmann died before the work was finished, and Professor Haupt, his successor at Berlin, undertook to finish it. His share in the edition, particularly in the notes, is greater than that of Lachmann; and the accuracy with which the text has been restored from more than twenty MSS., is worthy of the great pupil of that great master.

1858.

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III.

YE SCHYPPE OF FOOLES.[1]

THE critical periods in the history of the world are best studied in the lives of a few representative men. The history of the German Reformation assumes a living, intelligible, and human character in the biographies of the Reformers; and no historian would imagine that he understood the secret springs of that mighty revolution in Germany without having read the works of Hutten, the table-talk of Luther, the letters of Melancthon, and the sermons of Zwingle. But although it is easy to single out representative men in the great decisive struggles of history, they are more difficult to find during the preparatory periods. The years from 1450 to 1500 are as important as the years from 1500 to 1550, — nay, to the thoughtful historian, that silent period of incubation is perhaps of deeper interest than the violent outburst of the sixteenth century. But where, during those years, are the men of sufficient eminence to represent the age in which they lived? It was an age of transition and preparation, of dissatisfaction and hesitation. Like the whole of the fifteenth century, "It was rich in scholars, copious in

[1] Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff*. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Zarncke. Leipzig, 1857.

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pedants, but poor in genius, and barren of strong thinkers." We must not look for heroes in so unheroic an age, but be satisfied with men if they be but a head taller than their contemporaries.

One of the most interesting men in whose life and writings the history of the preliminary age of the German Reformation may be studied, is Sebastian Brant, the famous author of the famous "Ship of Fools." He was born in the year 1457. The Council of Basle had failed to fulfill the hopes of the German laity as to a *reformatio ecclesiæ in capite et membris.* In the very year of Brant's birth, Martin Meyer, the Chancellor of Mayence, had addressed his letter to his former friend, Œneas Sylvius, — a national manifesto, in boldness and vigor only surpassed by the powerful pamphlet of Luther, "To the Nobility of the German Nation." Germany seemed to awaken at last to her position, and to see the dangers that threatened her political and religious freedom. The new movement which had taken place in Italy in classical learning, supported chiefly by Greek refugees, began to extend its quickening influence beyond the Alps. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., 1458, writes in one of his letters, that poets were held in no estimation in Germany, though he admits that their poetry is less to be blamed for this than their patrons, the princes, who care far more for any trifles than for poetry. The Germans, he says, do not care for science nor for a knowledge of classical literature, and they have hardly heard the name of Cicero or any other orator. In the eyes of the Italians, the Germans were barbarians; and when Constantine Lascaris saw the first specimen of printing, he was told by the Italian priests that this invention had lately been made *apud barbaros in urbe*

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Germaniæ. They were dangerous neighbors — these barbarians, who could make such discoveries as the art of printing; and Brant lived to see the time when Joh. Cæsarius was able to write to a friend of his: "At this moment, Germany, if she does not surpass Italy, at least need not, and will not, yield to her, not so much on account of her empire, as for her wonderful fecundity in learned men, and the almost incredible growth of learning."

This period of slow but steady progress, from the invention of printing to the Council of Worms, is bridged over by the life of Sebastian Brant, who lived from 1457 to 1521. Brant was very early the friend of Peter Schott, and through him had been brought in contact with a circle of learned men, who were busily engaged in founding one of the first schools of classical learning at Schlettstadt. Men like Jac. Wimpheling, Joh. Torrentinus, Florentius Hundius, and Johannes Hugo, belonged to that society. Brant afterwards went to Basle to study law. Basle was then a young university. It had only been founded in 1459, but it was already a successful rival of Heidelberg. The struggle between the Realists and Nominalists was then raging all over Europe, and it divided the University of Basle into two parties, each of them trying to gain influence and adherents among the young students. It has been usual to look upon the Realists as the Conservative, and upon the Nominalists as the Liberal party of the fifteenth century. But although at times this was the case, philosophical opinions, on which the differences between these two parties were founded, were not of sufficient strength to determine for any length of time the political and religious bias of either school. The Realists were chiefly supported

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by the Dominicans, the Nominalists by the Franciscans; and there is always a more gentle expression beaming in the eyes of the followers of the seraphic Doctor, particularly if contrasted with the stern frown of the Dominican. Ockam himself was a Franciscan, and those who thought with him were called *doctores renovatores* and *sophistæ*. Suddenly, however, the tables were turned. At Oxford, the Realists, in following out their principles in a more independent spirit, had arrived at results dangerous to the peace of the Church. As philosophers, they began to carry out the doctrines of Plato in good earnest; as reformers, they looked wistfully to the early centuries of the Christian Church. The same liberal and independent spirit reached from Oxford to Prague, and the expulsion of the German nation from that university may be traced to the same movement. The Realists were at that time no longer in the good odor of orthodoxy; and, at the Council of Constanz, the Nominalists, such as Joh. Gerson and Petrus de Alliaco, gained triumphs which seemed for a time to make them the arbiters of public opinion in Germany, and to give them the means of securing the Church against the attacks of Huss on one side, and against the more dangerous encroachments of the Pope and the monks on the other. This triumph, however, was of short duration. All the rights which the Germans seemed to have conquered at the Councils of Constanz and Basle were sacrificed by their own Emperor. No one dared to say again what Gregory von Heimburg had said to the Italian clergy, — "Quid fines alienos invaditis? quid falcem vestram in messem alienam extenditis?" Under Æneas Sylvius, the power of the Pope in Germany was as absolute as ever. The Nominalist party lost all

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the ground which it had gained before. It was looked upon with suspicion by Pope and Emperor. It was banished from courts and universities, and the disciples of the Realistic school began a complete crusade against the followers of Ockam.

Johannes Heynlin a Lapide, a former head of a house in Paris, migrated to Basle, in order to lend his influence and authority to the Realist party in that rising university. Trithemius says of him: "Hic doctrinam eorum Parisiensium qui reales appellantur primus ad Basiliensium universitatem transtulit, ibidemque plantavit, roboravit et auxit." This Johannes Heynlin a Lapide, however, though a violent champion of the then victorious Realist party, was by no means a man without liberal sentiments. On many points the Realists were more tolerant, or at least more enlightened, than the Nominalists. They counted among themselves better scholars than the adherents of Ockam. They were the first and foremost to point out the uselessness of the dry scholastic system of teaching grammar and logic, and nothing else. And though they cherished their own ideas as to the supreme authority of the Pope, the divine right of the Emperor, or the immaculate conception of the Virgin (a dogma denied by the Dominicans, and defended by the Franciscans), they were always ready to point out abuses and to suggest reforms. The age in which they lived was not an age of decisive thought or decisive action. There was a want of character in individuals as well as in parties; and the points in which they differed were of small importance, though they masked differences of greater weight. At Basle, the men who were gathered round Johannes a Lapide were what we should call Liberal Conservatives, and it is among

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them that we find Sebastian Brant. Basle could then boast of some of the most eminent men of the time. Besides Agricola, and Wimpheling, and Geiler von Kaisersberg, and Trithemius, Reuchlin was there for a time, and Wessel, and the Greek Kontablacos. Sebastian Brant, though on friendly terms with most of these men, was their junior; and, among his contemporaries, a new generation grew up, more independent and more free-spoken than their masters, though as yet very far from any revolutionary views in matters of Church or State. Feuds broke out very soon between the old and the young schools. Locher, the friend of Brant, — the poet who had turned his "Ship of Fools" into Latin verse, — published a poem, in which he attacked rather petulantly the scholastic philosophy and theology. Wimpheling, at the request of Geiler of Kaisersberg, had to punish him for this audacity, and he did it in a pamphlet full of the most vulgar abuse. Reuchlin also had given offense, and was attacked and persecuted; but his party retaliated by the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." Thus the Conservative, or Realistic party became divided; and when, at the beginning of a new century and a new era in the history of the world, Luther raised his voice in defense of national and religious freedom, he was joined not only by the more advanced descendants of the Nominalistic school, but by all the vigor, the talent, and the intellect of the old Conservatives.

Brant himself, though he lived at Strassburg up to 1521, did not join the standard of the Reformation. He had learned to grumble, to find fault, to abuse, and to condemn; but his time was gone when the moment for action arrived. And yet he helped toward the

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success of the Reformation in Germany. He had been one of the first, after the discovery of printing, to use the German language for political purposes. His fly-sheets, his illustrated editions, had given useful hints how to address the large masses of the people. If he looked upon the world, as it then was, as a ship of fools, and represented every weakness, vice, and wickedness under the milder color of foolery, the people who read his poems singled out some of his fools, and called them knaves. The great work of Sebastian Brant was his "Narrenschiff." It was first published in 1497, at Basle, and the first edition, though on account of its wood-cuts it could not have been a very cheap book, was sold off at once. Edition after edition followed, and translations were published in Latin, in Low-German, in Dutch, in French, and English. Sermons were preached on the "Narrenschiff;" Trithemius calls it *Divina Satira*, Locher compares Brant with Dante, Hutten calls him the new lawgiver of German poetry. The "Narrenschiff" is a work which we may still read with pleasure, though it is difficult to account for its immense success at the time of its publication. Some historians ascribe it to the wood-cuts. They are certainly very clever, and there is reason to suppose that most of them were, if not actually drawn, at least suggested by Brant himself. Yet even a Turner has failed to render mediocre poetry popular by his illustrations, and there is nothing to show that the caricatures of Brant were preferred to his satires. Now his satires, it is true, are not very powerful, nor pungent, nor original. But his style is free and easy. Brant is not a ponderous poet. He writes in short chapters, and mixes his fools in such a manner that we always meet

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with a variety of new faces. It is true that all this would hardly be sufficient to secure a decided success for a work like his at the present day. But then we must remember the time in which he wrote. What had the poor people of Germany to read toward the end of the fifteenth century? Printing had been invented, and books were published and sold with great rapidity. People were not only fond, but proud, of reading books. Reading was fashionable, and the first fool who enters Brant's ship is the man who buys books. But what were the books that were offered for sale? We find among the early prints of the fifteenth century religious, theological, and classical works in great abundance, and we know that the respectable and wealthy burghers of Augsburg and Strassburg were proud to fill their shelves with these portly volumes. But then German aldermen had wives, and daughters, and sons, and what were they to read during the long winter evenings? The poetry of the thirteenth century was no longer intelligible, and the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had produced very little that would be to the taste of young ladies and gentlemen. The poetry of the "Meistersänger" was not very exhilarating. The romances of "The Book of Heroes" had lost all their native charms under the rough treatment they had experienced at the hand of their latest editor, Casper von der Roen. The so-called "Misteries" (not mysteries) might be very well as Christmas pantomimes once a year, but they could not be read for their own sake, like the dramatic literature of later times. The light literature of the day consisted entirely in novels; and in spite of their miserable character, their popularity was immense. Besides the

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"Gesta Romanorum," which were turned into German verse and prose, we meet with French novels, such as "Lother and Maler," translated by a Countess of Nassau in 1437, and printed in 1514; "Pontus and Sidonia," translated from the French by Eleanor of Scotland, the wife of Sigismund of Austria, published 1498; "Melusina," equally from the French, published 1477. The old epic poems of "Tristan," and "Lancelot," and "Wigalois," were too long and tedious. People did not care any longer for the deep thoughts of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and the beautiful poetry of Gottfried von Strassburg. They wanted only the plot, the story, the dry bones; and these were dished up in the prose novels of the fifteenth century, and afterwards collected in the so-called "Book of Love." There was room, therefore, at that time for a work like the "Ship of Fools." It was the first printed book that treated of contemporaneous events and living persons, instead of old German battles and French knights. People are always fond of reading the history of their own times. If the good qualities of their age are brought out, they think of themselves or their friends; if the dark features of their contemporaries are exhibited, they think of their neighbors and enemies. Now, the "Ship of Fools" is just such a satire which ordinary people would read, and read with pleasure. They might feel a slight twinge now and then, but they would put down the book at the end, and thank God that they were not like other men. There is a chapter on Misers, — and who would not gladly give a penny to a beggar? There is a chapter on Gluttony, — and who was ever more than a little exhilarated after dinner? There is a chapter on Church-goers, — and who ever went to

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church for respectability's sake, or to show off a gaudy dress, or a fine dog, or a new hawk? There is a chapter on Dancing, — and who ever danced except for the sake of exercise? There is a chapter on Adultery, — and who ever did more than flirt with his neighbor's wife? We sometimes wish that Brant's satire had been a little more searching, and that, instead of his many allusions to classical fools (for his book is full of scholarship), he had given us a little more of the *chronique scandaleuse* of his own time. But he was too good a man to do this, and his contemporaries no doubt were grateful to him for his forbearance.

Brant's poem is not easy to read. Though he was a contemporary of Luther, his language differs much more from modern German than Luther's translation of the Bible. His "Ship of Fools" wanted a commentary, and this want has been supplied by one of the most learned and industrious scholars of Germany, Professor Zarncke, in his lately published edition of the "Narrenschiff." This must have been a work of many years of hard labor. Nothing that is worth knowing about Brant and his works has been omitted, and we hardly know of any commentary on Aristophanes or Juvenal in which every difficulty is so honestly met as in Professor Zarncke's notes on the German satirist. The editor is a most minute and painstaking critic. He tries to reëstablish the correct reading of every word, and he enters upon his work with as much zeal as if the world could not be saved till every tittle of Brant's poem had been restored. He is, however, not only a critic, but a sensible and honest man. He knows what is worth knowing and what is not, and he does not allow himself to be carried

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away by a desire to display his own superior acquirements, — a weakness which makes so many of his colleagues forgetful of the real ends of knowledge, and the real duties of the scholar and the historian.

We have to say a few words on the English translation of Brant's "Ship of Fools." It was not made from the original, but from Locher's Latin translation. It reproduces the matter, but not the manner of the original satire. Some portions are added by the translator, Alexander Barclay, and in some parts his translation is an improvement on the original. It was printed in 1508, published 1509, and went through several editions.

The following may serve as a specimen of Barclay's translation, and of his original contributions to Brant's "Navis Stultifera: " —

"Here beginneth the 'Ship of Fooles,' and first of unprofitable books: —

"I am the first foole of all the whole navie,
To keep the Pompe, the Helme, and eke the Sayle:
For this is my minde, this one pleasure have I,
Of bookes to have great plentie and apparayle.
I take no wisdome by them, not yet avayle,
Nor them perceave not, and then I them despise:
Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise.

"That in this Ship the chiefe place I governe,
By this wide Sea with fooles wandring,
The cause is plaine and easy to discerne,
Still am I busy, bookes assembling,
For to have plentie it is a pleasant thing
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in hande:
But what they meane do I not understande.

"But yet I have them in great reverence
And honoure, saving them from filth and ordure,
By often brusshing and much diligence,
Full goodly bounde in pleasant coverture,
Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Velvet pure:
I keepe them sure, fearing least they should be lost,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

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"But if it fortune that any learned men
Within my house fall to disputation,
I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my bokes then,
That they of my cunning should make probation:
I kepe not to fall in altercation,
And while they comment, my bookes I turne and winde,
For all is in them, and nothing in my minde."

In the fourth chapter, "Of newe fassions and disguised garmentes," there is at the end what is called "The Lenvoy of Alexander Barclay," and in it an allusion to Henry VIII.: —

"But ye proude galants that thus your selfe disguise,
Be ye ashamed, beholde unto your prince:
Consider his sadness, his honestie devise,
His clothing expresseth his inwarde prudence,
Ye see no example of such inconvenience
In his highness, but godly wit and gravitie,
Ensue him, and sorrowe for your enormitie."

1858.

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IV.

LIFE OF SCHILLER.[1]

THE hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Schiller, which, according to the accounts published in the German newspapers, seems to have been celebrated in most parts of the civilized, nay, even the uncivilized world, is an event in some respects unprecedented in the literary annals of the human race. A nation honors herself by honoring her sons, and it is but natural that in Germany every town and village should have vied in doing honor to the memory of one of their greatest poets. The letters which have reached us from every German capital relate no more than what we expected. There were meetings and feastings, balls and theatrical representations. The veteran philologist, Jacob Grimm, addressed the Berlin Academy on the occasion in a soul-stirring oration; the directors of the Imperial Press at Vienna seized the opportunity to publish a splendid album, or "Schiller-

[1] *Rede auf Schiller*, von Jacob Grimm. Berlin, 1859. (Address on Schiller, by Jacob Grimm.)

Schiller-Buch, von Tannenberg; Wien. From the Imperial Printing Press, 1859.

Schiller's Life and Works. By Emil Palleske. Translated by Lady Wallace. London, Longman and Co., 1860.

Vie de Schiller. Par Ad. Regnier, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, Hachette, 1859.

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Buch," in honor of the poet; unlimited eloquence was poured forth by professors and academicians; school children recited Schiller's ballads; the German students shouted the most popular of his songs; nor did the ladies of Germany fail in paying their tribute of gratitude to him who, since the days of the Minnesängers, had been the most eloquent herald of female grace and dignity. In the evening torch processions might be seen marching through the streets, bonfires were lighted on the neighboring hills, houses were illuminated, and even the solitary darkness of the windows of the Papal Nuncio at Vienna added to the lustre of the day.[1] In every place where Schiller had spent some years of his life, local recollections were revived and perpetuated by tablets and monuments. The most touching account of all came from the small village of Cleversulzbach. On the village cemetery, or, as it is called in German, the "God's-acre," there stands a tombstone, and on it the simple inscription, "Schiller's Mother." On the morning of her son's birthday the poor people of the village were gathered together round that grave, singing one of their sacred hymns, and planting a lime-tree in the soil which covers the heart that loved him best.

But the commemoration of Schiller's birthday was not confined to his native country. We have seen, in the German papers, letters from St. Petersburg and Lisbon, from Venice, Rome, and Florence, from Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Christiana, from Warsaw and Odessa, from Jassy and Bucharest, from Constantinople, Algiers, and Smyrna, and lately from America and Australia, all describing the festive gatherings which were suggested, no doubt, by Schiller's cosmo-

[1] See *The Times'* Special Correspondent from Vienna, November 14.

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politan countrymen, but joined in most cheerfully by all the nations of the globe. Poets of higher rank than Schiller — Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe — have never aroused such world-wide sympathies; and it is not without interest to inquire into the causes which have secured to Schiller this universal popularity. However superlative the praises which have lately been heaped on Schiller's poetry by those who cannot praise except in superlatives, we believe that it was not the poet, but the man, to whom the world has paid this unprecedented tribute of love and admiration. After reading Schiller's works we must read Schiller's life, — the greatest of all his works. It is a life not unknown to the English public, for it has been written by Carlyle. The last festivities, however, have given birth to several new biographies. Palleske's "Life of Schiller" has met with such success in Germany that it well deserved the honor which it has lately received at the hands of Lady Wallace, and under the special patronage of the Queen, of being translated into English. Another very careful and lucid account of the poet's life is due to the pen of a member of the French Institute, M. A. Regnier, the distinguished tutor of the Comte de Paris.

In reading these lives, together with the voluminous literature which is intended to illustrate the character of the German poet, we frequently felt inclined to ask one question, to which none of Schiller's biographers has returned a satisfactory answer: "What were the peculiar circumstances which brought out in Germany, and in the second half of the eighteenth century, a man of the moral character, and a poet of the creative genius, of Schiller?" Granted that he was endowed by nature with the highest talents, how did he grow

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to be a poet, such as we know him, different from all other German poets, and yet in thought, feeling, and language the most truly German of all the poets of Germany? Are we reduced to appeal to the mysterious working of an unknown power, if we wish to explain to ourselves why, in the same country and at the same time, poetical genius assumed such different forms as are seen in the writings of Schiller and Goethe? Is it to be ascribed to what is called individuality, a word which in truth explains nothing; or is it possible for the historian and psychologist to discover the hidden influences which act on the growing mind, and produce that striking variety of poetical genius which we admire in the works of contemporaneous poets, such as Schiller and Goethe in Germany, or Wordsworth and Byron in England? Men grow not only from within, but also from without. We know that a poet is born, — *poeta nascitur*, — but we also know that his character must be formed; the seed is given, but the furrow must be ploughed in which it is to grow; and the same grain which, if thrown on cultivated soil, springs into fullness and vigor, will dwindle away, stunted and broken, if cast upon shallow and untilled land. There are certain events in the life of every man which fashion and stamp his character; they may seem small and unimportant in themselves, but they are great and important to each of us; they mark that slight bend where two lines which had been running parallel begin to diverge, never to meet again. The Greeks call such events *epochs*, i. e. halts.

We halt for a moment, we look about and wonder, and then choose our further way in life. It is the duty of biographers to discover such epochs, such halting-points, in the lives of their heroes; and we shall

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endeavor to do the same in the life of Schiller by watching the various influences which determined the direction of his genius at different periods of his poetical career.

The period of Schiller's childhood is generally described with great detail by his biographers. We are told who his ancestors were. I believe they were bakers. We are informed that his mother possessed in her *trousseau*, among other things, four pairs of stockings, — three of cotton, one of wool. There are also long discussions on the exact date of his birth. We hear a great deal of early signs of genius, or rather, we should say, of things done and said by most children, but invested with extraordinary significance if remembered of the childhood of great men. To tell the truth, we can find nothing very important in what we thus learn of the early years of Schiller, nor does the poet himself in later years dwell much on the recollections of his dawning mind. If we must look for some determinating influences during the childhood of Schiller, they are chiefly to be found in the character of his father. The father was not what we should call a well-educated man, He had been brought up as a barber and surgeon; had joined a Bavarian regiment in 1745, during the Austrian war of succession; and had acted as a non-commissioned officer, and, when occasion required, as a chaplain. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he had married the daughter of an innkeeper. He was a brave man, a God-fearing man, and, as is not unfrequently the case with half-educated people, a man very fond of reading. What he had failed to attain himself, he wished to see realized in his only son. The following prayer was found among the papers of the father: "And Thou, Being of all be-

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ings, I have asked Thee after the birth of my only son, that Thou wouldst add to his powers of intellect what I from deficient instruction was unable to attain. Thou hast heard me. Thanks be to Thee, bounteous Being, that Thou heedest the prayers of mortals." A man of this stamp of mind would be sure to exercise his own peculiar influence on his children. He would make them look on life, not as a mere profession, where the son has only to follow in the steps of his father; his children would early become familiar with such ideas as "*making* one's way in life," and would look forward to a steep path rather than to a beaten track. Their thoughts would dwell on the future at a time when other children live in the present only, and an adventurous spirit would be roused, without which no great work has ever been conceived and carried out.

When his children, young Frederick and his sisters, were growing up, their father read to them their morning and evening prayers; and so fond was the boy of the Old and New Testament stories that he would often leave his games in order to be present at his father's readings. In 1765 the family left Marbach on the Neckar. The father was ordered by the Duke of Wurtemberg to Lorch, a place on the frontier, where he had to act as recruiting officer. His son received his education in the house of a clergyman, began Latin at six, Greek at seven; and as far as we are able to see, he neither seems to have considered himself, nor to have been considered by his masters, as very superior to other boys. He was a good boy, tenderly attached to his parents, fond of games, and regular at school. There are but two marked features which we have an opportunity of watching in him as

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a boy. He knew no fear, and he was full of the warmest sympathy for others. The first quality secured him the respect, the second the love, of those with whom he came in contact. His parents, who were poor, had great difficulty in restraining his generosity. He would give away his school-books and the very buckles off his shoes. Both his fearlessness and universal sympathy are remarkable through the whole of his after-life. Not even his enemies could point out one trait of cowardice or selfishness in anything he ever did, or said, or wrote. There are some pertinent remarks on the combination of these two qualities, sympathy with others and courage, by the author of "Friends in Council."

"If greatness," he writes, "can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what *growth* there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then with openness of soul a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. . . . Add courage to this openness, and you have a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive, can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy endow him with."

A plucky and warm-hearted boy, under the care of an honest, brave, and intelligent father and a tender and religious mother, — this is all we know and care to know about Schiller during the first ten years of his life. In the year 1768 there begins a new period in the life of Schiller. His father was settled at Ludwigsburg, the ordinary residence of the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, the Duke Charles. This man was destined to exercise a decisive influence on Schiller's character. Like many German sovereigns in the middle of

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the last century, Duke Charles of Wurtemberg had felt the influence of those liberal ideas which had found so powerful an utterance in the works of the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. The philosophy which in France was smiled at by kings and statesmen, while it roused the people to insurrection and regicide, produced in Germany a deeper impression on the minds of the sovereigns and ruling classes than of the people. In the time of Frederick the Great and Joseph II. it became fashionable among sovereigns to profess Liberalism, and to work for the enlightenment of the human race. It is true that this liberal policy was generally carried out in a rather despotic way, and people were emancipated and enlightened very much as the ancient Saxons were converted by Charlemagne. We have an instance of this in the case of Schiller. Duke Charles had founded an institution where orphans and the sons of poor officers were educated free of expense. He had been informed that young Schiller was a promising boy, and likely to reflect credit on his new institution, and he proceeded without further inquiry to place him on the list of his *protégés*, assigning to him a place at his military school. It was useless for the father to remonstrate, and explain to the Duke that his son had a decided inclination for the Church. Schiller was sent to the Academy in 1773, and ordered to study law. The young student could not but see that an injustice had been done him, and the irritation which it caused was felt by him all the more deeply because it would have been dangerous to give expression to his feelings. The result was that he made no progress in the subjects which he had been commanded to study. In 1775 he was allowed to give up law, not, however, to

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return to theology, but to begin the study of medicine. But medicine, though at first it seemed more attractive, failed, like law, to call forth his full energies. In the mean time another interference on the part of the Duke proved even more abortive, and to a certain extent determined the path which Schiller's genius was to take in life. The Duke had prohibited all German classics at his Academy; the boys, nevertheless, succeeded in forming a secret library, and Schiller read the works of Klopstock, Klinger, Lessing, Goethe, and Wieland's translations of Shakespeare with rapture, no doubt somewhat increased by the dangers he braved in gaining access to these treasures. In 1780, the same year in which he passed his examination and received the appointment of regimental surgeon, Schiller wrote his first tragedy, "The Robbers." His taste for dramatic poetry had been roused partly by Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" and Shakespeare's plays, partly by his visits to the theatre, which, under the patronage of the Duke, was then in a very flourishing state. The choice of the subject of his first dramatic composition was influenced by the circumstances of his youth. His poetical sympathy for a character such as Karl Moor, a man who sets at defiance all the laws of God and man, can only be accounted for by the revulsion of feeling produced on his boyish mind by the strict military discipline to which all the pupils at the Academy were subjected. His sense of right and wrong was strong enough to make him paint his hero as a monster, and to make him inflict on him the punishment he merited. But the young poet could not resist the temptation of throwing a brighter light on the redeeming points in the character of a robber and murderer by pointedly placing him

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in contrast with the even darker shades of hypocritical respectability and saintliness in the picture of his brother Franz. The language in which Schiller paints his characters is powerful, but it is often wild and even coarse. The Duke did not approve of his former *protégé;* the very title-page of "The Robbers" was enough to offend his Serene Highness, — it contained a rising lion, with the motto "*In tyrannos.*" The Duke gave a warning to the young military surgeon, and when, soon after, he heard of his going secretly to Mannheim to be present at the first performance of his play, he ordered him to be put under military arrest. All these vexations Schiller endured, because he knew full well there was no escape from the favors of his royal protector. But when at last he was ordered never to publish again except on medical subjects, and to submit all his poetical compositions to the Duke's censorship, this proved too much for our young poet. His ambition had been roused. He had sat at Mannheim a young man of twenty, unknown, amid an audience of men and women who listened with rapturous applause to his own thoughts and words. That evening at the theatre of Mannheim had been a decisive evening, — it was an epoch in the history of his life; he had felt his power and the calling of his genius; he had perceived, though in a dim distance, the course he had to run and the laurels he had to gain. When he saw that the humor of the Duke was not likely to improve, he fled from a place where his wings were clipped and his voice silenced. Now, this flight from one small German town to another may seem a matter of very little consequence at present. But in Schiller's time it was a matter of life and death. German sovereigns were accustomed

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to look upon their subjects as their property. Without even the show of a trial the poet Schubart had been condemned to life-long confinement by this same Duke Charles. Schiller, in fleeing his benefactor's dominions, had not only thrown away all his chances in life, but he had placed his safety and the safety of his family in extreme danger. It was a bold, perhaps a reckless step. But whatever we may think of it in a moral point of view, as historians we must look upon it as the Hegira in the life of the poet.

Schiller was now a man of one or two and twenty, thrown upon the world penniless, with nothing to depend on but his brains. The next ten years were hard years for him; they were years of unsettledness, sometimes of penury and despair, sometimes of extravagance and folly. This third period in Schiller's life is not marked by any great literary achievements. It would be almost a blank were it not for the "Don Carlos," which he wrote during his stay near Dresden, between 1785–87. His "Fiesco" and "Cabale und Liebe," though they came out after his flight from Stuttgard, had been conceived before, and they were only repeated protests, in the form of tragedies, against the tyranny of rulers and the despotism of society. They show no advance in the growth of Schiller's mind. Yet that mind, though less productive than might have been expected, was growing as every mind grows between the years of twenty and thirty; and it was growing chiefly through contact with men. We must make full allowance for the powerful influence exercised at that time by the literature of the day (by the writings of Herder, Lessing, and Goethe), and by political events, such as the French Revolution. But if we watch Schiller's career carefully, we see that his

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character was chiefly moulded by his intercourse with men. His life was rich in friendships, and what mainly upheld him in his struggles and dangers was the sympathy of several high-born and high-minded persons, in whom the ideals of his own mind seemed to have found their fullest realization.

Next to our faith in God, there is nothing so essential to the healthy growth of our whole being as an unshaken faith in man. This faith in man is the great feature in Schiller's character, and he owes it to a kind Providence which brought him in contact with such noble natures as Frau von Wolzogen, Körner, Dalberg; in later years with his wife; with the Duke of Weimar, the Prince of Augustenburg, and lastly with Goethe. There was at that time a powerful tension in the minds of men, and particularly of the higher classes, which led them to do things which at other times men only aspire to do. The impulses of a most exalted morality — a morality which is so apt to end in mere declamation and deceit — were not only felt by them, but obeyed and carried out. Frau von Wolzogen, knowing nothing of Schiller except that he had been at the same school with her son, received the exiled poet, though fully aware that by doing so she might have displeased the Duke and blasted her fortunes and those of her children. Schiller preserved the tenderest attachment to this motherly friend through life, and his letters to her display a most charming innocence and purity of mind.

Another friend was Körner, a young lawyer living at Leipzig, and afterwards at Dresden — a man who had himself to earn his bread. He had learned to love Schiller from his writings; he received him at his house, a perfect stranger, and shared with the poor

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poet his moderate income with a generosity worthy of a prince. He, too, remained his friend through life; his son was Theodore Körner, the poet of "Lyre and Sword," who fell fighting as a volunteer for his country against French invaders.

A third friend and patron of Schiller was Dalberg. He was the coadjutor, and was to have been the successor, of the Elector of Hesse, then an ecclesiastical Electorate. His rank was that of a reigning prince, and he was made afterwards by Napoleon Fürst-Primas — Prince Primate — of the Confederation of the Rhine. But it was not his station, his wealth, and influence, it was his mind and heart which made him the friend of Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Wieland, Jean Paul, and all the most eminent intellects of his time. It is refreshing to read the letters of this Prince. Though they belong to a later period of Schiller's life, a few passages may here be quoted in order to characterize his friend and patron. Dalberg had promised Schiller a pension of 4,000 florins (not 4,000 thalers, as M. Regnier asserts) as soon as he should succeed to the Electorate, and Schiller in return had asked him for some hints with regard to his own future literary occupations. The Prince answers: "Your letter has delighted me. To be remembered by a man of your heart and mind is a true joy to me. I do not venture to determine what Schiller's comprehensive and vivifying genius is to undertake. But may I be allowed to humbly express a wish that spirits endowed with the powers of giants should ask themselves, 'How can I be most useful to mankind?' This inquiry, I think, leads most surely to immortality, and the rewards of a peaceful conscience. May you enjoy the purest happiness, and think sometimes of your

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friend and servant, Dalberg." When Schiller was hesitating between history and dramatic poetry, Dalberg's keen eye discovered at once that the stage was Schiller's calling, and that there his influence would be most beneficial. Schiller seemed to think that a professorial chair in a German university was a more honorable position than that of a poet. Dalberg writes: "Influence on mankind" (for this he knew to be Schiller's highest ambition) "depends on the vigor and strength which a man throws into his works. Thucydides and Xenophon would not deny that poets like Sophocles and Horace have had at least as much influence on the world as they themselves." When the French invasion threatened the ruin of Germany and the downfall of the German sovereigns, Dalberg writes again, in 1796, with perfect serenity: "True courage must never fail! The friends of virtue and truth ought now to act and speak all the more vigorously and straightforwardly. In the end, what you, excellent friend, have so beautifully said in your 'Ideals' remains true: 'The diligence of the righteous works slowly but surely, and friendship is soothing comfort. It is only when I hope to be hereafter of assistance to my friends that I wish for a better fate.'" The society and friendship of such men, who are rare in all countries and in all ages, served to keep up in Schiller's mind those ideal notions of mankind which he had first imbibed from his own heart, and from the works of philosophers. They find expression in all his writings, but are most eloquently described in his "Don Carlos." We should like to give some extracts from the dialogue between King Philip and the Marquis Posa; but our space is precious, and hardly allows us to do more than just to glance at those other friends

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and companions whose nobility of mind and generosity of heart left so deep an impress on the poet's soul.

The name of Karl August, the Duke of Weimar, has acquired such a world-wide celebrity as the friend of Goethe and Schiller that we need not dwell long on his relation to our poet. As early as 1784 Schiller was introduced to him at Darmstadt, where he was invited to court to read some scenes of his "Don Carlos." The Duke gave him then the title of "Rath," and from the year 1787, when Schiller first settled at Weimar, to the time of his death, in 1804, he remained his firm friend. The friendship of the Prince was returned by the poet, who, in the days of his glory, declined several advantageous offers from Vienna and other places, and remained at the court of Weimar, satisfied with the small salary which that great Duke was able to give him.

There was but one other Prince whose bounty Schiller accepted, and his name deserves to be mentioned, not so much for his act of generosity as for the sentiment which prompted it. In 1792, when Schiller was ill and unable to write, he received a letter from the Hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg and from Count Schimmelmann. We quote from the letter: —

"Your shattered health, we hear, requires rest, but your circumstances do not allow it. Will you grudge us the pleasure of enabling you to enjoy that rest? We offer you for three years an annual present of 1,000 thalers. Accept this offer, noble man. Let not our titles induce you to decline it. We know what they are worth; we know no pride but that of being men, citizens of that great republic which comprises more than the life of single generations, more than the limits of this globe. You have to deal with men, — your brothers, — not with proud princes, who, by this employment of their wealth, would fain indulge but in a more refined kind of pride."

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No conditions were attached to this present, though a situation in Denmark was offered if Schiller should wish to go there. Schiller accepted the gift so nobly offered, but he never saw his unknown friends.[1] We owe to them, humanly speaking, the last years of Schiller's life, and with them the master-works of his genius, from "Wallenstein" to "William Tell." As long as these works are read and admired, the names of these noble benefactors will be remembered and revered.

The name of her whom we mentioned next among Schiller's noble friends and companions, — we mean his wife, — reminds us that we have anticipated events, and that we left Schiller after his flight in 1782, at the very beginning of his most trying years. His hopes of success at Mannheim had failed. The director of the Mannheim theatre, also a Dalberg, declined to assist him. He spent the winter in great solitude at the country-house of Frau von Wolzogen, finishing "Cabale und Liebe," and writing "Fiesco." In the summer of 1783 he returned to Mannheim, where he received an appointment in connection with the theatre of about £40 a year. Here he stayed till 1785, when he went to Leipzig, and afterwards to Dresden, living chiefly at the expense of his friend Körner. This unsettled kind of life continued till 1787, and produced, as we saw, little more than his tragedy of "Don Carlos." In the mean time, however, his taste for history had been developed. He had been reading more systematically at Dresden, and after he had gone to Weimar in 1787 he was able to publish, in 1788, his "History of the Revolt of the

[1] The Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg was the grandfather of the present Duke and of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

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Netherlands." On the strength of this he was appointed professor at Jena in 1789, first without a salary, afterwards with about £30 a year. He tells us himself how hard he had to work: "Every day," he says, "I must compose a whole lecture and write it out, — nearly two sheets of printed matter, not to mention the time occupied in delivering the lecture and making extracts." However, he had now gained a position, and his literary works began to be better paid. In 1790 he was enabled to marry a lady of rank, who was proud to become the wife of the poor poet, and was worthy to be the "wife of Schiller." Schiller was now chiefly engaged in historical researches. He wrote his "History of the Thirty Years' War" in 1791–92, and it was his ambition to be recognized as a German professor rather than as a German poet. He had to work hard in order to make up for lost time, and under the weight of excessive labor his health broke down. He was unable to lecture, unable to write. It was then that the generous present of the Duke of Augustenburg freed him for a time from the most pressing cares, and enabled him to recover his health.

The years of thirty to thirty-five were a period of transition and preparation in Schiller's life, to be followed by another ten years of work and triumph. These intermediate years were chiefly spent in reading history and studying philosophy, more especially the then reigning philosophy of Kant. Numerous essays on philosophy, chiefly on the Good, the Beautiful, and the Sublime, were published during this interval. But what is more important, Schiller's mind was enlarged, enriched, and invigorated; his poetical genius, by lying fallow for a time, gave promise of

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a richer harvest to come; his position in the world became more honorable, and his confidence in himself was strengthened by the confidence placed in him by all around him. A curious compliment was paid him by the Legislative Assembly then sitting at Paris. On the 26th of August, 1792, a decree was passed, conferring the title of *Citoyen Français* on eighteen persons belonging to various countries, friends of liberty and universal brotherhood. In the same list with Schiller were the names of Klopstock, Campe, Washington, Kosciusko, and Wilberforce. The decree was signed by Roland, Minister of the Interior, and countersigned by Danton. It did not reach Schiller till after the enthusiasm which he too had shared for the early heroes of the French Revolution had given way to disappointment and horror. In the month of December of the very year in which he had been thus honored by the Legislative Assembly, Schiller was on the point of writing an appeal to the French nation in defense of Louis XVI. The King's head, however, had fallen before this defense was begun. Schiller, a true friend of true liberty, never ceased to express his aversion to the violent proceedings of the French revolutionists. "It is the work of passion," he said, "and not of that wisdom which alone can lead to real liberty." He admitted that many important ideas, which formerly existed in books only or in the heads of a few enlightened people, had become more generally current through the French Revolution. But he maintained that the real principles which ought to form the basis of a truly happy political constitution were still hidden from view. Pointing to a volume of Kant's "Criticism of Pure Reason," he said, "There they are, and

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nowhere else; the French republic will fall as rapidly as it has risen; the republican government will lapse into anarchy, and sooner or later a man of genius will appear (he may come from any place) who will make himself not only master of France, but perhaps also of a great part of Europe." This was a remarkable prophecy for a young professor of history.

The last decisive event in Schiller's life was his friendship with Goethe. It dates from 1794, and with this year begins the great and crowning period of Schiller's life. To this period belong his "Wallenstein," his "Song of the Bell," his Ballads (1797–98), his "Mary Staurt" (1800), the "Maid of Orleans" (1801), the "Bride of Messina" (1803), and "William Tell;" in fact, all the works which have made Schiller a national poet and gained for him a world-wide reputation and an immortal name.

Goethe's character was in many respects diametrically opposed to Schiller's, and for many years it seemed impossible that there should ever be a community of thought and feeling between the two. Attempts to bring together these great rivals were repeatedly made by their mutual friends. Schiller had long felt himself drawn by the powerful genius of Goethe, and Goethe had long felt that Schiller was the only poet who could claim to be his peer. After an early interview with Goethe, Schiller writes, "On the whole, this meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt if we shall ever come into close communication with each other. Much that interests me has already had its epoch with him; his world is not my world." Goethe had expressed the same feeling. He saw Schiller occupying the very

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position which he himself had given up as untenable; he saw his powerful genius carrying out triumphantly "those very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated." "No union," as Goethe writes, "was to be dreamt of. Between two spiritual antipodes there was more intervening than a simple diameter of the spheres. Antipodes of that sort act as a kind of poles, which can never coalesce." How the first approach between these two opposite poles took place Goethe has himself described, in a paper entitled "Happy Incidents." But no happy incident could have led to that glorious friendship, which stands alone in the literary history of the whole world, if there had not been on the part of Schiller his warm sympathy for all that is great and noble, and on the part of Goethe a deep interest in every manifestation of natural genius. Their differences on almost every point of art, philosophy, and religion, which at first seemed to separate them forever, only drew them more closely together, when they discovered in each other those completing elements which produced true harmony of souls. Nor is it right to say that Schiller owes more to Goethe than Goethe to Schiller. If Schiller received from Goethe the higher rules of art and a deeper insight into human nature, Goethe drank from the soul of his friend the youth and vigor, the purity and simplicity, which we never find in any of Goethe's works before his "Hermann and Dorothea." And, as in most friendships, it was not so much Goethe as he was, but Goethe as reflected in his friend's soul, who henceforth became Schiller's guide and guardian. Schiller possessed the art of admiring, an art so much more rare than the art of criticising. His eye was so absorbed in all that was

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great, and noble, and pure, and high in Goethe's mind, that he could not, or would not, see the defects in his character. And Goethe was to Schiller what he was to no one else. He was what Schiller believed him to be; afraid to fall below his friend's ideal, he rose beyond himself until that high ideal was reached, which only a Schiller could have formed. Without this regenerating friendship it is doubtful whether some of the most perfect creations of Goethe and Schiller would ever have been called into existence.

We saw Schiller gradually sinking into a German professor, the sphere of his sympathies narrowed, the aim of his ambition lowered. His energies were absorbed in collecting materials and elaborating his "History of the Thirty Years' War," which was published in 1792. The conception of his great dramatic Trilogy, the "Wallenstein," which dates from 1791, was allowed to languish until it was taken up again for Goethe, and finished for Goethe in 1799. Goethe knew how to admire and encourage, but he also knew how to criticise and advise. Schiller, by nature meditative rather than observant, had been most powerfully attracted by Kant's ideal philosophy. Next to his historical researches, most of his time at Jena was given to metaphysical studies. Not only his mind, but his language suffered from the attenuating influences of that rarefied atmosphere which pervades the higher regions of metaphysical thought. His mind was attracted by the general and the ideal, and lost all interest in the individual and the real. This was not a right frame of mind, either for an historian or a dramatic poet. In Goethe, too, the philosophical element was strong, but it was kept under by the practical tendencies of his mind. Schiller looked for

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his ideal beyond the real world; and, like the pictures of a Raphael, his conceptions seemed to surpass in purity and harmony all that human eye had ever seen. Goethe had discovered that the truest ideal lies hidden in real life; and like the master-works of a Michael Angelo, his poetry reflected that highest beauty which is revealed in the endless variety of creation, and must there be discovered by the artist and the poet. In Schiller's early works every character was the personification of an idea. In his "Wallenstein" we meet for the first time with real men and real life. In his "Don Carlos," Schiller, under various disguises more or less transparent, acts every part himself. In "Wallenstein" the heroes of the "Thirty Years' War" maintain their own individuality, and are not forced to discuss the social problems of Rousseau, or the metaphysical theories of Kant. Schiller was himself aware of this change, though he was hardly conscious of its full bearing. While engaged in composing his "Wallenstein," he writes to a friend:—

"I do my business very differently from what I used to do. The subject seems to be so much outside me that I can hardly get up any feeling for it. The subject I treat leaves me cold and indifferent, and yet I am full of enthusiasm for my work. With the exception of two characters to which I feel attached, Max Piccolomini and Thekla, I treat all the rest, and particularly the principal character of the play, only with the pure love of the artist. But I can promise you that they will not suffer from this. I look to history for limitation, in order to give, through surrounding circumstances, a stricter form and reality to my ideals. I feel sure that the historical will not draw me down or cripple me. I only desire through it to impart life to my characters and their actions. The life and soul must come from another source, through that power which I have already perhaps shown elsewhere, and without which even the first conception of this work would, of course, have been impossible."

How different is this from what Schiller felt in

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former years! In writing "Don Carlos," he laid down as a principle, that the poet must not be the painter but the lover of his heroes, and in his early days he found it intolerable in Shakespeare's dreams that he could nowhere lay his hand on the poet himself. He was then, as he himself expresses it, unable to understand nature, except at second-hand.

Goethe was Schiller's friend, but he was also Schiller's rival. There is a perilous period in the lives of great men, namely, the time when they begin to feel that their position is made, that they have no more rivals to fear. Goethe was feeling this at the time when he met Schiller. He was satiated with applause, and his bearing towards the public at large became careless and offensive. In order to find men with whom he might measure himself, he began to write on the history of Art, and to devote himself to natural philosophy. Schiller, too, had gained his laurels chiefly as a dramatic poet; and though he still valued the applause of the public, yet his ambition as a poet was satisfied; he was prouder of his "Thirty Years' War" than of his "Robbers" and "Don Carlos." When Goethe became intimate with Schiller, and discovered in him those powers which as yet were hidden to others, he felt that there was a man with whom even he might run a race. Goethe was never jealous of Schiller. He felt conscious of his own great powers, and he was glad to have those powers again called out by one who would be more difficult to conquer than all his former rivals. Schiller, on the other hand, perceived in Goethe the true dignity of a poet. At Jena his ambition was to have the title of Professor of History; at Weimar he saw that it was a greater honor to be called a poet, and the friend of Goethe.

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When he saw that Goethe treated him as his friend, and that the Duke and his brilliant court looked upon him as his equal, Schiller, too modest to suppose he had earned such favors, was filled with a new zeal, and his poetical genius displayed for a time an almost inexhaustible energy. Scarcely had his "Wallenstein" been finished, in 1799, when he began his "Mary Stuart." This play was finished in the summer of 1800, and a new one was taken in hand in the same year, — the "Maid of Orleans." In the spring of 1801 the "Maid of Orleans" appeared on the stage, to be followed in 1803 by the "Bride of Messina," and in 1804 by his last great work, his "William Tell." During the same time Schiller composed his best ballads, his "Song of the Bell," his epigrams, and his beautiful Elegy, not to mention his translations and adaptations of English and French plays for the theatre at Weimar. After his "William Tell" Schiller could feel that he no longer owed his place by the side of Goethe to favor and friendship, but to his own work and worth. His race was run, his laurels gained. His health, however, was broken, and his bodily frame too weak to support the strain of his mighty spirit. Death came to his relief, giving rest to his mind, and immortality to his name.

Let us look back once more on the life of Schiller. The lives of great men are the lives of martyrs; we cannot regard them as examples to follow, but rather as types of human excellence to study and to admire. The life of Schiller was not one which many of us would envy; it was a life of toil and suffering, of aspiration rather than of fulfillment, a long battle with scarcely a moment of rest for the conqueror to enjoy his hard-won triumphs. To an ambitious man the

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last ten years of the poet's life might seem an ample reward for the thirty years' war of life which he had to fight single-handed. But Schiller was too great a man to be ambitious. Fame with him was a means, never an object. There was a higher, a nobler aim in his life, which upheld him in all his struggles. From the very beginning of his career Schiller seems to have felt that his life was not his. He never lived for himself; he lived and worked for mankind. He discovered within himself how much there was of the good, the noble, and the beautiful in human nature; he had never been deceived in his friends. And such was his sympathy with the world at large that he could not bear to see in any rank of life the image of man, created in the likeness of God, distorted by cunning, pride, and selfishness. His whole poetry may be said to be written on the simple text, "Be true, be good, be noble!" It may seem a short text, but truth is very short, and the work of the greatest teachers of mankind has always consisted in the unflinching inculcation of these short truths. There is in Schiller's works a kernel full of immortal growth, which will endure long after the brilliant colors of his poetry have faded away. That kernel is the man, and without it Schiller's poetry, like all other poetry, is but the song of sirens. Schiller's character has been subjected to that painful scrutiny to which, in modern times, the characters of great men are subjected; everything he ever did, or said, or thought, has been published; and yet it would be difficult, in the whole course of his life, to point out one act, one word, one thought, that could be called mean, untrue, or selfish. From the beginning to the end Schiller remained true to himself; he never acted a part, he never bargained with the world. We

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may differ from him on many points of politics, ethics, and religion; but though we differ, we must always respect and admire. His life is the best commentary on his poetry; there is never a discrepancy between the two. As mere critics, we may be able to admire a poet without admiring the man; but poetry, it should be remembered, was not meant for critics only, and its highest purpose is never fulfilled, except where, as with Schiller, we can listen to the poet and look up to the man.

1859.

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V.

WILHELM MÜLLER.[1]

1794–1827.

SELDOM has a poet in a short life of thirty years engraven his name so deeply on the memorial tablets of the history of German poetry as Wilhelm Müller. Although the youthful efforts of a poet may be appreciated by those few who are able to admire what is good and beautiful, even though it has never before been admired by others, yet in order permanently to win the ear and heart of his people, a poet must live with the people, and take part in the movements and struggles of his age. Thus only can he hope to stir and mould the thoughts of his contemporaries, and to remain a permanent living power in the recollections of his countrymen. Wilhelm Müller died at the very moment when the rich blossoms of his poetic genius were forming fruit; and after he had warmed and quickened the hearts of the youth of Germany with the lyric songs of his own youth, only a short span of time was granted him to show the world, as he did more especially in his "Greek Songs" and "Epi-

[1] Preface to a new edition of Wilhelm Müller's poems, published in 1868, in the *Bibliothek der Deutschen National-literatur des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Leipzig, Brockhaus. Translated from the German by G. A. M.

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grams," the higher goal toward which he aspired. In these his last works one readily perceives that his poetry would not have reflected the happy dreams of youth only, but that he could perceive the poetry of life in its sorrows as clearly as in its joys, and depict it in true and vivid colors.

One may, I think, divide the friends and admirers of Wilhelm Müller into two classes: those who rejoice and delight in his fresh and joyous songs, and those who admire the nobleness and force of his character as shown in the poems celebrating the war of Greek independence, and in his epigrams. All poetry is not for every one, nor for every one at all times. There are critics and historians of literature who cannot tolerate songs of youth, of love, and of wine; they always ask "why?" and "wherefore?" and they demand in all poetry, before anything else, high or deep thoughts. No doubt there can be no poetry without thought, but there are thoughts which are poetical without being drawn from the deepest depths of the heart and brain, nay, which are poetical just because they are as simple and true and natural as the flowers of the field or the stars of heaven. There is a poetry for the old, but there is also a poetry for the young. The young demand in poetry an interpretation of their own youthful feelings, and first learn truly to understand themselves through those poets who speak for them as they would speak for themselves, had nature endowed them with melody of thought and harmony of diction. Youth is and will remain the majority of the world, and will let no gloomy brow rob it of its poetic enthusiasm for young love and old wine. True, youth is not over-critical; true, it does not know how to speak or write in learned phrases of the merits of its favorite

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poets. But for all that, where is the poet who would not rather live in the warm recollection of the never-dying youth of his nation than in voluminous encyclopædias, or even in the marble Walhallas of Germany? The story and the songs of a miller's man who loves his master's daughter, and of a miller's daughter who loves a huntsman better, may seem very trivial, commonplace, and unpoetical to many a man of forty or fifty. But there are men of forty and fifty who have never lost sight of the bright but now far-off days of their own youth, who can still rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, and love with those that love, — aye, who can still fill their glasses with old and young, and in whose eyes every-day life has not destroyed the poetic bloom that rests everywhere on life so long as it is lived with warm and natural feelings. Songs which, like the "Beautiful Miller's Daughter" and the "Winter Journey," could so penetrate and again spring forth from the soul of Franz Schubert, may well stir the very depths of our own hearts, without the need of fearing the wise looks of those who possess the art of saying nothing in many words. Why should poetry be less free than painting to seek for what is beautiful wherever a human eye can discover, wherever human art can imitate it? No one blames the painter if, instead of giddy peaks or towering waves, he delineates on his canvas a quiet narrow valley, filled with a green mist, and enlivened only by a gray mill and a dark brown mill-wheel, from which the spray rises like silver dust, and then floats away, and vanishes in the rays of the sun. Is what is not too common for the painter, too common for the poet? Is an idyl in the truest, warmest, softest colors of the soul, like the

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"Beautiful Miller's Daughter," less a work of art than a landscape by Ruysdael? And observe in these songs how the execution suits the subject; their tone is thoroughly popular, and reminds many of us, perhaps too much, of the popular songs collected by Arnim and Brentano in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." But this could not be helped. Theocritus could not write his idyls in grand Attic Greek; he needed the homeliness of the Bœotian dialect. It was the same with Wilhelm Müller, who must not be blamed for expressions which now perhaps, more than formerly, may sound, to fastidious ears, too homely or commonplace.

His simple and natural conception of nature is shown most beautifully in the "Wanderer's Songs," and in the "Spring Wreath from the Plauen Valley." Nowhere do we find a labored thought or a labored word. The lovely spring world is depicted exactly as it is, but over all is thrown the life and inspiration of a poet's eye and a poet's mind, which perceives and gives utterance to what others fail to see, and silent nature cannot utter. It is this recognition of the beautiful in what is insignificant, of greatness in what is small, of the marvelous in ordinary life, — yes, this perception of the divine in every earthly enjoyment, — which gives its own charm to each of Wilhelm Müller's smallest poems, and endears them so truly to those who, amidst the hurry of life, have not forgotten the delight of absorption in nature, who have never lost their faith in the mystery of the divine presence in all that is beautiful, good, and true on earth. We need only read the "Frühlingsmahl," or "Pfingsten" to see how a whole world, aye, a whole heaven, may be mirrored in the tiniest drop of dew.

And as enjoyment of nature finds so clear an echo

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in the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, so also does the delight which man should have in man. Drinking songs and table songs do not belong to the highest flights of poetry; but if the delights of friendly meetings and greetings belong to some of the brightest moments of human happiness, why should a poet hold them to be beneath his muse? There is something especially German in all drinking songs, and no other nation has held its wine in such honor. Can one imagine English poems on port and sherry? or has a Frenchman much to tell us of his Bordeaux, or even of his Burgundy? The reason that the poetry of wine is unknown in England and France is, that in these countries people know nothing of what lends its poetry to wine, namely, the joyous consciousness of mutual pleasure, the outpouring of hearts, the feeling of common brotherhood, which makes learned professors and divines, generals and ministers, men once more at the sound of the ringing glasses. This purely human delight in the enjoyment of life, in the flavor of the German wine, and in the yet higher flavor of the German Symposium, finds it happiest expression in the drinking songs of Wilhelm Müller. They have often been set to music by the best masters, and have long been sung by the happy and joyous. The name of the poet is often forgotten, whilst many of his songs have become popular songs, just because they were sung from the heart and soul of the German people, as the people were fifty years ago, and as the best of them still are, in spite of many changes in the Fatherland.

It is easy to see that a serious tone is not wanting even in the drinking songs. The wine was good, but the times were bad. Those who, like Wilhelm Müller, had shared in the great sufferings and the great

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hopes of the German people, and who then saw that after all the sacrifices that had been made, all was in vain, all was again as bad or even worse than before, could with difficulty conceal their disaffection, however helpless they felt themselves against the brutalities of those in power, Many, who like Wilhelm Müller had labored to reanimate German popular feeling; who like him had left the university to sacrifice as common soldiers their life and life's happiness to the freedom of the Fatherland, and who then saw how the terror felt by the scarcely rescued princes of their deliverers, and the fear of foreign nations of a united and strong Germany, joined hand in hand to destroy the precious seed sown in blood and tears, — could not always suppress their gloomy anger at such faint-hearted, weak-minded policy. On the first of January, 1820, Wilhelm Müller wrote thus, in the dedication of the second part of his "Letters from Rome" to his friend Atterbom, the Swedish poet, with whom he had but a short time before passed the Carnival time in Italy joyously and carelessly: "And thus I greet you in your old sacred Fatherland, not jokingly and merrily, like the book, whose writer seems to have become a stranger to me, but earnestly and briefly; for the great fast of the European world, expecting the passion, and waiting for deliverance, can endure no indifferent shrug of the shoulders and no hollow compromises and excuses. He who cannot act at this time, can yet rest and mourn." For such words, veiled as they were, resigned as they were, the fortress of Mayence was at that time the usual answer.

"Deutsch und frei und stark und lauter
In dem deutschen Land
Ist der Wein allein geblieben
An der Rheines Strand.

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Ist *der* nicht ein Demagoge,
Wer soll einer sein ?
Mainz, du stolze Bundesfeste,
Sperr ihn nur nicht ein." [1]

That Wilhelm Müller escaped the petty and annoying persecutions of the then police system, he owed partly to the retired life he led in his little native country, partly to his own good spirits, which prevented him from entirely sinking the man in the politician. He had some enemies in the little court, whose Duke and Duchess were personally so attached to him. A prosperous life such as his could not fail to attract envy, and his frank, guileless character gave plenty of occasion for suspicion. But the only answer which he vouchsafed to his detractors was: —

" Und lasst mir doch mein volles Glass,
Und lasst mir meinen guten Spass,
Mit unsrer schlechten Zeit!
Wer bei dem Weine singt und lacht,
Den thut, ihr Herrn, nicht in die Acht!
Ein Kind ist Fröhligkeit." [2]

Wilhelm Müller evidently felt that when words are not deeds, or do not lead to deeds, silence is more worthy of a man than speech. He never became a political poet, at least never in his own country. But when the rising of the Greeks appealed to those human sympathies of Christian nations which can never be

[1] " Free, and strong, and pure, and German,
On the German Rhine,
Nothing can be now discovered
Save alone our wine;
If the wine is not a rebel,
Then no more are we;
Mainz, thou proud and frowning fortress,
Let him wander free!"

[2] " And let me have my full glass, and let me have my hearty laugh at these wretched times! He who can sing and laugh with his wine, you need not put under the ban, my lords: mirth is a harmless child."

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quite extinguished, and when here, too, the faint-hearted policy of the great powers played and bargained over the great events in the east of Europe instead of trusting to those principles which alone can secure the true and lasting well-being of states, as well as of individnals, then the long accumulated wrath of the poet and of the man burst forth and found utterance in the songs on the Greek war of independence. Human, Christian, political, and classical sympathies stirred his heart, and breathed that life into his poems, which most of them still possess. It is astonishing how a young man in a small isolated town like Dessau, almost shut out from intercourse with the great world, could have followed step by step the events of the Greek revolution, seizing on all the right, the beauty, the grandeur of the struggle, making himself intimately acquainted with the dominant characters, whilst he at the same time mastered the peculiar local coloring of the passing events. Wilhelm Müller was not only a poet, but he was intimately acquainted with classic antiquity. He *knew* the Greeks and the Romans. And just as during his stay in Rome he recognized at all points the old in what was new, and everywhere sought to find what was eternal in the eternal city, so now with him the modern Greeks were inseparably joined with the ancient. A knowledge of the modern Greek language appeared to him the natural completion of the study of old Greek; and it was his acquaintance with the popular songs of modern as well as of ancient Hellas that gave the color which imparted such a vivid expression of truth and naturalness to his own Greek songs. It was thus that the "Griechen Lieder" arose, which appeared in separate but rapid numbers, and found great favor with the people. But

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even these "Griechen Lieder" caused anxiety to the paternal governments of those days: —

"Ruh und Friede will Europa — warum hast du sie gestört?
Warum mit dem Wahn der Freiheit eigenmächtig dich bethört?
Hoff' auf keines Herren Hülfe gegen eines Herren Frohn:
Auch des Türkenkaisers Polster nennt Europa einen Thron." [1]

His last poems were suppressed by the Censor, as well as his "Hymn on the Death of Raphael Riego." Some of these were first published long after his death; others must have been lost whilst in the Censor's hands.

Two of the Greek songs, "Mark Bozzaris," and "Song before Battle," may help the English reader to form his own opinion both of the poetical genius and of the character of Wilhelm Müller: —

MARK BOZZARI.[2]

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich sterben lehren,
Oeffne deine hohen Thore, öffne deine tiefen Grüfte,
Auf, und streue Lorberreiser auf den Pfad und in die Lüfte;
Mark Bozzari's edlen Leib bringen wir zu dir getragen.
Mark Bozzari's! Wer darf's wagen, solchen Helden zu beklagen?
Willst zuerst du seine Wunden oder seine Siege zählen?
Keinem Sieg wird eine Wunde, keiner Wund' ein Sieg hier fehlen.
Sieh auf unsern Lanzenspitzen sich die Turbanhäupter drehen,
Sieh, wie über seiner Bahre die Osmanenfahnen wehen,
Sieh, o sieh die letzten Werke, die vollbracht des Helden Rechte
In dem Feld von Karpinissi, wo sein Stahl im Blute zechte!
In der schwarzen Geisterstunde rief er unsre Schar zusammen.
Funken sprühten unsre Augen durch die Nacht wie Wetterflammen,
Uebers Knie zerbrachen wir jauchzend unsrer Schwerter Scheiden,
Um mit Sensen einzumähen in die feisten Türkenweiden;
Und wir drückten uns die Hände, und wir strichen uns die Bärte,

[1] "Europe wants but peace and quiet: why hast thou disturbed her rest?
How with silly dreams of freedom dost thou dare to fill thy breast?
If thou rise against thy rulers, Hellas, thou must fight alone,
E'en the bolster of a Sultan, loyal Europe calls a throne."

[2] I am enabled through the kindness of Mr. Theodore Martin to supply an excellent translation of these two poems, printed by him in 1863, in a volume intended for private circulation only.

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Und der stampfte mit dem Fusze, und der rieb an seinem Schwerte.
Da erscholl Bozzari's Stimme: "Auf, ins Lager der Barbaren!
Auf, mir nach! Verirrt euch nicht, Brüder, in der Feinde Scharen!
Sucht ihr mich, im Zelt des Paschas werdet ihr mich sicher finden.
Auf, mit Gott! Er hilft die Feinde, hilft den Tod auch überwinden!
Auf!" Und die Trompete risz er hastig aus des Bläsers Händen
Und stiesz selbst hinein so hell, dasz es von den Felsenwänden
Heller stets und heller muszte sich verdoppelnd widerhallen;
Aber heller widerhallt' es doch in unsern Herzen allen.
Wie des Herren Blitz und Donner aus der Wolkenburg der Nächte,
Also traf das Schwert der Freien die Tyrannen und die Knechte;
Wie die Tuba des Gerichtes wird dereinst die Sünder wecken,
Also scholl durchs Türkenlager brausend dieser Ruf der Schrecken:
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Sulioten! Sulioten!"
Solch ein guter Morgengrusz ward den Schläfern da entboten.
Und sie rüttelten sich auf, und gleich hirtenlosen Schafen
Rannten sie durch alle Gassen, bis sie aneinander trafen
Und, bethört von Todesengeln, die durch ihre Schwärme gingen,
Brüder sich in blinder Wuth stürzten in der Brüder Klingen.
Frag' die Nacht nach unsern Thaten; sie hat uns im Kampf gesehen —
Aber wird der Tag es glauben, was in dieser Nacht geschehen?
Hundert Griechen, tausend Türken: also war die Saat zu schauen
Auf dem Feld von Karpinissi, als das Licht begann zu grauen.
Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, und dich haben wir gefunden —
Kenntlich nur an deinem Schwerte, kenntlich nur an deinen Wunden,
An den Wunden, die du schlugest, und an denen, die dich trafen —
Wie du es verheiszen hattest, in dem Zelt des Paschas schlafen.

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich sterben lehren,
Oeffne deine tiefen Grüfte, dasz wir in den heil'gen Stätten
Neben Helden unsern Helden zu dem langen Schlafe betten! —
Schlafe bei dem deutschen Grafen, Grafen Normann, Fels der Ehren,
Bis die Stimmen des Gerichtes alle Gräber werden leeren.

MARK BOZZARIS.

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound;
Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground!
Mark Bozzaris' noble body is the freight to thee we bear, —
Mark Bozzaris'! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?
Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest be?
Every victory has its wound, and every wound its victory!
See, a turbaned head is grimly set on all our lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!

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See, O see the latest trophies, which our hero's glory sealed,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!
In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise;
Through the gloom like lightning-flashes flashed the fury from our eyes;
With a shout, across our knees we snapped the scabbards of our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish hordes;
And we clasped our hands together, and each warrior stroked his beard,
And one stamped the sward, another rubbed his blade, and vowed its wierd.
Then Bozzaris' voice resounded: "On, to the barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's tent!
On, with God! Through Him our foemen, death itself through Him is shent!
On!" And swift he snatched the bugle from the hands of him that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and clearer to the call,
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants and their slavish horde;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that lie,
So through all the Turkish leaguer thundered his appalling cry:
"Mark Bozzaris! Mark Bozzaris! Suliotes, smite them in their lair!"
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers there.
And they staggered from their slumber, and they ran from street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they meet;
Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst their myriads strayed,
Brother, in bewildered fury, dashed and fell on brother's blade.
Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight,
But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night.
Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scattered seed they lay,
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in gray.
Mark Bozarris, Mark Bozarris, and we found thee gashed and mown
By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds alone;
By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that seamed thy breast,
Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his last long slumber take!
Rest beside that Rock of Honor, brave Count Normann, rest thy head,
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their dead!

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LIED VOR DER SCHLACHT.

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, dess Ruhm wird blühend stehn,
Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lüfte wehn,
Solange frei der Bäume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,
Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,
Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken fleugt,
Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt.

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, dess Ruhm wird blühend stehn,
Solange freie Geister noch durch Erd' und Himmel gehn.
Durch Erd' und Himmel schwebt er noch, der Helden Schattenreihn,
Und rauscht um uns in stiller Nacht, in hellem Sonnenschein,
Im Sturm, der stolze Tannen bricht, und in dem Lüftchen auch,
Das durch das Gras auf Gräbern spielt mit seinem leisen Hauch,
In ferner Enkel Hause noch um alle Wiegen kreist
Auf Hellas' heldenreicher Flur der freien Ahnen Geist;
Der haucht in Wunderträumen schon den zarten Säugling an
Und weiht in seinem ersten Schlaf das Kind zu einem Mann;
Den Jüngling lockt sein Ruf hinaus mit nie gefühlter Lust
Zur Stätte, wo ein Freier fiel; da greift er in die Brust
Dem Zitternden, und Schauer ziehn ihm durch das tiefe Herz,
Er weiss nicht, ob es Wonne sei, ob es der erste Schmerz.
Herab, du heil'ge Geisterschar, schwell' unsre Fahnen auf,
Beflügle unsrer Herzen Schlag und unsrer Füse Lauf;
Wir ziehen nach der Freiheit aus, die Waffen in der Hand,
Wir ziehen aus auf Kampf und Tod für Gott, fürs Vaterland!
Ihr seid mit uns, ihr rauscht um uns, eu'r Geisterodem zieht
Mit zauberischen Tönen hin durch unser Jubellied;
Ihr seid mit uns, ihr schwebt daher, ihr aus Thermopylä,
Ihr aus dem grünen Marathon, ihr von der blauen See,
Am Wolkenfelsen Mykale, am Salaminerstrand,
Ihr all' aus Wald, Feld, Berg und Thal im weiten Griechenland!

Wer für die Freiheit kampft und fällt, dess Ruhm wird blühend stehn,
Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lüfte wehn,
Solange frei der Bäume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,
Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,
Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken fleugt,
Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt.

SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,

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As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,
As long as spirits of the free through earth and air shall go;
Through earth and air a spirit-band of heroes moves always,
'Tis near us at the dead of night, and in the noontide's blaze,
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the breeze that waves
With low and gentle breath the grass upon our fathers' graves.
There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas broad and fair,
But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely hovering there.
It breathes in dreams of fairy-land upon the infant's brain,
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to manhood's pain;
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new-born joy possessed,
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his thrilling breast,
And a shudder runs through all his frame; he knows not if it be
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of agony.
Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred spirit-band,
Give wings to every warrior's foot, and nerve to every hand.
We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppressor's rod,
We go to battle and to death for our country and our God.
Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in magic tone
Your spirit-voice the pæan swell, and mingle with our own.
Ye are with us, ye throng around, — you from Thermopylæ,
You from the verdant Marathon, you from the azure sea,
By the cloud-capped rocks of Mykale, at Salamis, — all you
From field and forest, mount and glen, the land of Hellas through!

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

When we remember all that was compressed into this short life, we might well believe that this ceaseless acquiring and creating must have tired and weakened and injured both body and mind. Such, however, was not the case. All who knew the poet agree in stating that he never overworked himself, and that he accomplished all he did with the most perfect ease and enjoyment. Let us only remember how his life as a student was broken into by his service during the war, how his journey to Italy occupied several years of his life,

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how later in Dessau he had to follow his profession as teacher and librarian, and then let us turn our thoughts to all the work of his hands and the creations of his mind, and we are astonished, not only at the amount of work done, but still more at the finished form which distinguishes all his works. He was one of the first who with Zeune, Von der Hagen, and the brothers Grimm, labored to reawaken an interest in ancient and mediæval German literature. He was a favorite pupil of Wolf, and his "Homerische Vorschule" did more than any other work at that time to propagate the ideas of Wolf. He had explored the modern languages of Europe, — French, Italian, English, and Spanish; and his critiques in all these fields of literature show how intimately acquainted he was with the best authors of these nations. Besides all this, he worked regularly for journals and enclycopædias, and was engaged co-editor of the great "Enclycopædia of Arts and Sciences," by Ersch and Gruber. He also undertook the publication of a "Library of the German Poets of the Seventeenth Century," and all this, without mentioning his poems and novels, in the short space of a life of thirty-three years.

I almost forget that I am speaking of my father; for indeed I hardly knew him, and when his scientific and poetic activity reached its end, he was far younger than I am now. I do not believe, however, that a natural affection and veneration for the poet deprives us of the right of judging. It is well said that love is blind, but love also strengthens and sharpens the dull eye, so that it sees beauty where thousands pass by unmoved. If one reads most of our critical writings, it would almost appear as if the chief duty of the reviewer were to find out the weak points and faults of

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every work of art. Nothing has so injured the art of criticism as this prejudice. A critic is a judge; but a judge, though he is no advocate, should also be no prosecutor. The weak points of any work of art betray themselves only too soon; but in order to discover its beauties, not only a sharp, but an experienced eye is needed; and love and sympathy are necessary above anything else. It is the heart that makes the critic, not the nose. It is well known how many of the most beautiful spots in Scotland, and Wales, and Cornwall, were not many years ago described as wastes and wildernesses. Richmond and Hampton Court were admired, people travelled also to Versailles, and admired the often admired blue sky of Italy. But poets such as Walter Scott and Wordsworth discovered the beauties of their native land. Where others had only lamented over bare and wearisome hills, they saw the battle-fields and burial-places of the primeval Titan struggles of nature. Where others saw nothing but barren moors full of heather and broom, the land in their eyes was covered as with a carpet softer and more variegated than the most precious loom of Turkey. Where others lost their temper at the gray cold fog, they marveled at the silver veil of the bride of the morning, and the gold illumination of the departing sun. Now every cockney can admire the smallest lake in Westmoreland or the barest moor in the Highlands. Why is this? Because few eyes are so dull that they cannot see what is beautiful after it has been pointed out to them, and when they know that they need not feel ashamed of admiring it. It is the same with the beauties of poetry, as with the beauties of nature. We must first discover what is beautiful in poetry, and, when it is discovered, communicate it;

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otherwise the authors of Scotch ballads are but strolling singers, and the Niebelungen songs are, as Frederick the Great said, not worth powder and shot. The trade of fault-finding is quickly learnt; the art of admiration is a difficult art, at least for little minds, narrow hearts, and timid souls, who prefer treading broad and safe paths. Thus many critics and literary historians have rushed by the poems of Wilhelm Müller, just like travellers, who go on in the beaten track, passing by on the right hand and on the left the most beautiful scenes of nature, and who only stand still and open both eyes and mouth when their "Murray" tells them there is something they ought to admire. Should an old man who is at home here meet them on their way, and counsel the travellers to turn for a moment from the high road in order to accompany him through a shady path to a mill, many may feel at first full of uneasiness and distrust. But when they have refreshed themselves in the dark green valley with its lively mill stream and delicious wood fragrance, they no longer blame their guide for having called somewhat loudly to them to pause in their journey. It is such a pause that I have tried in these few introductory lines to enforce on the reader, and I believe that I too may reckon on pardon, if not on thanks, from those who have followed my sudden call.

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VI.

ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

After all that has been written about the Schleswig-Holstein question, how little is known about those whom that question chiefly concerns, — the Schleswig-Holsteiners! There may be a vague recollection that, during the general turmoil of 1848, the German inhabitants of the Duchies rose against the Danes; that they fought bravely, and at last succumbed, not to the valor, but to the diplomacy of Denmark. But, after the treaty of London in 1852 had disposed of them as the treaty of Vienna had disposed of other brave people, they sank below the horizon of European interests, never to rise again, it was fondly hoped, till the present generation had passed away.

Yet these Schleswig-Holsteiners have an interest of their own, quite apart from the political clouds that have lately gathered round their country. Ever since we know anything of the history of Northern Europe, we find Saxon races established as the inhabitants of that northern peninsula which was then called the *Cimbric Chersonese*. The first writer who ever mentions the name of Saxons is Ptolemy,[1] and he speaks of them as settled in what is now called Schles-

[1] Ptol. ii. 11, ἐπὶ τὸν αὐχένα τῆς Κιμβρικῆς Χερσονήσου Σάξονες.

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wig-Holstein.[1] At the time of Charlemagne the Saxon race is described to us as consisting of three tribes: the *Ostfalai*, *Westfalai*, and *Angrarii*. The *Westphalians* were settled near the Rhine, the *Eastphalians* near the Elbe, and the intermediate country, washed by the Weser, was held by the *Angrarii*.[2] The name of Westphalia is still in existence; that of Eastphalia has disappeared, but its memory survives in the English *sterling*. Eastphalian traders, the ancestors of the merchant princes of Hamburg, were known in England by the name of *Easterlings;* and their money being of the purest quality, *easterling*, in Latin *esterlingus*, shortened to *sterling*, became the general name of pure or sterling money. The name of the third tribe, the *Angrarii*, continued through the Middle Ages as the name of a people; and to the present day, my own sovereign, the Duke of Anhalt, calls himself Duke of "*Sachsen, Engern, und Westphalen.*" But the name of the *Angrarii* was meant to fulfill another and more glorious destiny. The name *Angrarii* or *Angarii*[3] is a corruption of the older name, *Angrivarii*, the famous German race mentioned by Tacitus as the neighbors of the *Cherusci*. These *Angrivarii* are in later documents called *Anglevarii*. The termination *varii*[4] represents the same word which exists in A.-S. as *ware;* for instance, in *Cant-ware*, inhabitants of Kent, or *Cant-ware-burh*, Canterbury; *burh-ware*, inhabitants of a town, burghers. It is derived from *werian*, to defend, to hold, and may be connected with *wer*, a man.

[1] Grimm, *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, p. 609. Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus do not mention the name of Saxons.

[2] Grimm, l. c. p. 629.

[3] See *Poeta Saxo*, anno 772, in Pertz, Monum. I. 228, line 36; Grimm, l. c. p. 629.

[4] See Grimm, *Deutsche Sprache*, p. 781.

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The same termination is found in *Ansivarii* or *Ampsivarii;* probably also in *Teutonoarii* instead of *Teutoni*, *Chattuari* instead of *Chatti.*

The principal seats of these *Angrarii* were, as we saw, between the Rhine and Elbe, but Tacitus[1] knows of *Anglii*, i. e. *Angrii*, east of the Elbe; and an offshoot of the same Saxon tribe is found very early in possession of that famous peninsula between the Schlei and the Bay of Flensburg on the eastern coast of Schleswig,[2] which by Latin writers was called *Anglia*, i. e. *Angria.* To derive the name of *Anglia* from the Latin *angulus*,[3] corner, is about as good an etymology as the kind-hearted remark of St. Gregory, who interpreted the name of *Angli* by *angeli.* From that Anglia, the *Angli*, together with the *Saxons* and *Juts*, migrated to the British Isles in the fifth century, and the name of the *Angli*, as that of the most numerous tribe, became in time the name of *Englaland.*[4] In the Latin laws ascribed to King Edward the Confessor, a curious supplement is found, which states "that the *Juts* (*Guti*) came formerly from the noble blood of the *Angli*, namely, from the state of *Engra*, and that the English came from the same blood. The Juts, therefore, like the Angli of Germany, should always be received in England as brothers, and as citizens of the realm, because the Angli of England and Germany had always intermarried, and had fought together against the Danes."[5]

[1] *Germania*, c. 40. Grimm, l. c. p. 604.

[2] Grimm, p. 641.

[3] Beda, *Hist. Eccl.* I. 15. "Porro de Anglis, hoc est, de illa patria quæ Angulus dicitur," etc. Ethelwert, Chron. I., "Porro Anglia vetus sita est inter Saxones et Giotos, habens oppidum capitale, quod sermone Saxonico *Sleswic* nuncupatur, secundum vero Danos, *Haithaby.*"

[4] Grimm, l. c. p. 630.

[5] "Guti vero similiter cum veniunt (in regnum Britanniæ) suscipi

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Like the Angli of Anglia, the principal tribes clustering round the base of the Cimbric peninsula, and known by the general name of *Northalbingi* or *Transalbiani*, also *Nordleudi*, were all offshoots of the Saxon stem. Adam of Bremen (2, 15) divides them into *Tedmarsgoi*, *Holcetae*, and *Sturmarii*. In these it is easy to recognize the modern names of *Dithmarschen*, *Holtseten* or *Holsten*, and *Stormarn*. It would require more space than we can afford, were we to enter into the arguments by which Grimm has endeavored to identify the *Dithmarschen* with the *Teutoni*, the *Stormarn* with the *Cimbri*, and the *Holsten* with the *Harudes*. His arguments, if not convincing, are at least highly ingenious, and may be examined by those interested in these matters, in his "History of the German Language," pp. 633–640.

For many centuries the Saxon inhabitants of those regions have had to bear the brunt of the battle between the Scandinavian and the German races. From the days when the German Emperor Otho I. (died 973) hurled his swift spear from the northernmost promontory of Jutland into the German Ocean to mark the true frontier of his empire, to the day when

debent, et protegi in regno isto sicut conjurati fratres, sicut propinqui et proprii cives regni hujus. Exierunt enim quondam de nobili sanguine Anglorum, scilicet de Engra civitate, et Anglici de sanguine illorum, et semper efficiuntur populus unus et gens una. Ita constituit optimus Ina Rex Anglorum. . . . Multi vero Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Anglorum Germaniæ, et quidam Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Scotorum; proceres vero Scotorum, et Scoti fere omnes ceperunt uxores suas de optimo genere et sanguine Anglorum Germaniæ, et ita fuerunt tunc temporis per universum regnum Britanniæ duo in carne una. . . . Universi prædicti semper postea pro communi utilitate coronæ regni in simul et in unum viriliter contra Danos et Norwegienses semper steterunt; et atrocissime unanimi voluntate contra inimicos pugnaverunt, et bella atrocissima in regno gesserunt." (*Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, ed. Schmid, p. 296.)

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Christian IX. put his unwilling pen to that Danish constitution which was to incorporate all the country north of the Eider with Denmark, they have had to share in all the triumphs and all the humiliations of the German race, to which they are linked by the strong ties of a common blood and a common language.

Such constant trials and vicissitudes have told on the character of these German borderers, and have made them what they are, a hardy and determined, yet careful and cautious race. Their constant watchings and struggles against the slow encroachments or sudden inroads of an enemy more inveterate even than the Danes, — namely, the sea, — had imparted to them from the earliest times somewhat of that wariness and perseverance which we perceive in the national character of the Dutch and the Venetians. But the fresh breezes of the German Ocean and the Baltic kept their nerves well braced and their hearts buoyant; and for muscular development the arms of these sturdy ploughers of the sea and the land can vie with those of any of their neighbors on the isles or on the Continent. *Holsten-treue*, i. e. Holstein-truth, is proverbial throughout Germany, and it has stood the test of long and fearful trials.

There is but one way of gaining an insight into the real character of a people, unless we can actually live among them for years; and that is to examine their language and literature. Now it is true that the language spoken in Schleswig-Holstein is not German, — at least not in the ordinary sense of the word, — and one may well understand how travellers and correspondents of newspapers, who have picked up their German phrases from Ollendorf, and who, on the

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strength of this, try to enter into a conversation with Holstein peasants, should arrive at the conclusion that these peasants speak Danish, or, at all events, that they do not speak German.

The Germans of Schleswig-Holstein are Saxons, and all true Saxons speak Low-German, and Low-German is more different from High-German than English is from Lowland Scotch. Low-German, however, is not to be mistaken for vulgar German. It is the German which from time immemorial was spoken in the low countries and along the northern sea-coast of Germany, as opposed to the German of the high country, of Swabia, Thuringia, Bavaria, and Austria. These two dialects differ from each other like Doric and Ionic; neither can be considered as a corruption of the other; and however far back we trace these two branches of living speech, we never arrive at a point when they diverge from one common source. The Gothic of the fourth century, preserved in the translation of the Bible by Ulfilas, is not, as has been so often said, the mother both of High and Low German. It is to all intents and purposes Low-German, only Low-German in its most primitive form, and more primitive therefore in its grammatical framework than the earliest specimens of High-German also, which date only from the seventh or eighth century. This Gothic, which was spoken in the east of Germany, has become extinct. The Saxon, spoken in the north of Germany, continues its manifold existence to the present day in the Low-German dialects, in Frisian, in Dutch, and in English. The rest of Germany was and is occupied by High-German. In the West the ancient High-German dialect of the Franks has been absorbed in French, while the German spoken from

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the earliest times in the centre and south of Germany has supplied the basis of what is now called the literary and classical language of Germany.

Although the literature of Germany is chiefly High-German, there are a few literary compositions, both ancient and modern, in the different spoken dialects of the country, sufficient to enable scholars to distinguish at least nine distinct grammatical settlements; in the Low-German branch, *Gothic*, *Saxon*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *Frisian*, and *Dutch;* in the High-German branch, *Thuringian*, *Frankish*, *Bavarian*, and *Alemannish*. Professor Weinhold is engaged at present in publishing separate grammars of six of these dialects, namely, of *Alemannish*, *Bavarian*, *Frankish*, *Thuringian*, *Saxon*, and *Frisian:* and in his great German Grammar Jacob Grimm has been able to treat these, together with the Scandinavian tongues, as so many varieties of one common, primitive type of Teutonic speech.

But although, in the early days of German life, the Low and High German dialects were on terms of perfect equality, Low-German has fallen back in the race, while High-German has pressed forward with double speed. High-German has become the language of literature and good society. It is taught in schools, preached in church, pleaded at the bar; and, even in places where ordinary conversation is still carried on in Low-German, High-German is clearly intended to be the language of the future. At the time of Charlemagne this was not so; and one of the earliest literary monuments of the German language, the "Heliand," *i. e.* the Saviour, is written in Saxon or Low-German. The Saxon Emperors, however, did little for German literature, while the Swabian Emperors were proud of being the patrons of art and poetry.

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The language spoken at their court being High-German, the ascendency of that dialect may be said to date from their days, though it was not secured till the time of the Reformation, when the translation of the Bible by Luther put a firm and lasting stamp on what has since become the literary speech of Germany.

But language, even though deprived of literary cultivation, does not easily die. Though at present people write the same language all over Germany, the towns and villages teem everywhere with dialects, both High and Low. In Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, the Free Towns, and in Schleswig-Holstein, the lower orders speak their own German, generally called *Platt-Deutsch*, and in many parts of Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Ostfriesland, and Holstein, the higher ranks too cling in their every-day conversation to this more homely dialect.[1] Children frequently

[1] Klaus Groth writes: "The island of Friesian speech on the continent of Schleswig between Husum and Tondern is a very riddle and miracle in the history of language, which has not been sufficiently noticed and considered. Why should the two extreme ends only of the whole Friesian coast between Belgium and Jutland have retained their mother-speech? For the Ost Friesians in Oldenburg speak simply Platt-Deutsch like the Westphalians and ourselves. Cirk Hinrich Stüremburg's so called Ost-Friesian Dictionary has no more right to call itself Friesian than the Bremen Dictionary. Unless the whole coast has sunk into the sea, who can explain that close behind Husum, in a flat country as monotonous as a Hungarian Pussta, without any natural frontier or division, the traveller, on entering the next inn, may indeed be understood if he speaks High or Low German, nay, may receive to either an answer in pure German, but hears the host and his servants speak in words that sound quite strange to him? Equally strange is the frontier north of the Wiede-au, where Danish takes the place of Friesian. Who can explain by what process the language has maintained itself so far and no farther, a language with which one cannot travel beyond eight or ten square miles? Why should these few thousand people not have surrendered long ago this 'useless remnant of an unschooled dialect,' considering they learn at the same time Low and High German, or Low-German and Danish? In the far-stretching, straggling villages a Low-German house stands sometimes alone among Friesian houses, and *vice versâ*, and that has been going on for generations.

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speak two languages: High-German at school, Low-German at their games. The clergyman speaks High-German when he stands in the pulpit; but when he visits the poor, he must address them in their own peculiar *Platt*. The lawyer pleads in the language of Schiller and Goethe; but when he examines his witnesses he has frequently to condescend to the vulgar tongue. That vulgar tongue is constantly receding from the towns; it is frightened away by railways, it is ashamed to show itself in parliament. But it is loved all the more by the people; it appeals to their hearts, and it comes back naturally to all who have ever talked it together in their youth. It is the same with the local patois of High-German. Even where at school the correct High-German is taught and spoken, as in Bavaria and Austria, each town still keeps its own patois, and the people fall back on it as soon as they are among themselves. When Maria Theresa went to the Burgtheater to announce to the people of Vienna the birth of a son and heir, she did not address them in high-flown literary German. She bent forward from her box, and called out: "*Hörts! der Leopold hot án Buebá:* "Hear! Leopold has a boy." In German comedies, characters from Berlin, Leipzig, and Vienna are constantly introduced speaking their own local dialects. In Bavaria, Styria, and the Tyrol, much of the poetry of the people is written in their patois; and in some parts of Germany sermons even, and other religious tracts, continue to be published in the local vernaculars.

In the Saxon families they do not find it necessary to learn Friesian, for all the neighbors can speak Low-German; but in the Friesian families one does not hear German spoken except when there are German visitors. Since the seventeenth century German has hardly conquered a single house, certainly not a village." (*Illustrirte Deutsche Monatshefte*, 1869, p. 330.)

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There are here and there a few enthusiastic champions of dialects, particularly of Low-German, who still cherish a hope that High-German may be thrown back, and Low-German restored to its rights and former dominion. Yet, whatever may be thought of the relative excellences of High and Low German, — and in several points, no doubt, Low-German has the advantage of High-German, — yet, practically, the battle between the two is decided, and cannot now be renewed. The national language of Germany, whether in the South or the North, will always be the German of Luther, Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. This, however, is no reason why the dialects, whether of Low or High German, should be despised or banished. Dialects are everywhere the natural feeders of literary languages; and an attempt to destroy them, if it could succeed, would be like shutting up the tributaries of great rivers.

After these remarks it will be clear that, if people say that the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein do not speak German, there is some truth in such a statement, at least just enough of truth to conceal the truth. It might be said, with equal correctness, that the people of Lancashire do not speak English. But, if from this a conclusion is to be drawn that the Schleswig-Holsteiners, speaking this dialect, which is neither German nor Danish, might as well be taught in Danish as in German, this is not quite correct, and would deceive few if it were adduced as an argument for introducing French instead of English in the national schools of Lancashire.

The Schleswig-Holsteiners have their own dialect, and cling to it as they cling to many things which, in other parts of Germany, have been discarded as old-

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fashioned and useless. "*Oll Knust hölt Hus*," — "Stale bread lasts longest," — is one of their proverbs. But they read their Bible in High-German; they write their newspapers in High-German, and it is in High-German that their children are taught, and their sermons preached in every town and in every village. It is but lately that Low-German has been taken up again by Schleswig-Holstein poets; and some of their poems, though intended originally for their own people only, have been read with delight, even by those who had to spell them out with the help of a dictionary and a grammar. This kind of homespun poetry is a sign of healthy national life. Like the songs of Burns in Scotland, the poems of Klaus Groth and others reveal to us, more than anything else, the real thoughts and feelings, the every-day cares and occupations, of the people whom they represent, and to whose approval alone they appeal. But as Scotland, proud though she well may be of her Burns, has produced some of the best writers of English, Schleswig-Holstein, too, small as it is in comparison with Scotland, counts among its sons some illustrious names in German literature. Niebuhr, the great traveller, and Niebuhr, the great historian, were both Schleswig-Holsteiners, though during their lifetime that name had not yet assumed the political meaning in which it is now used. Karsten Niebuhr, the traveller, was a Hanoverian by birth; but, having early entered the Danish service, he was attached to a scientific mission sent by King Frederick V. to Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, in 1760. All the other members of that mission having died, it was left to Niebuhr, after his return in 1767, to publish the results of his own observations and of those of his companions. His "Description of Arabia," and

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his "Travels in Arabia and the Adjoining Countries," though published nearly a hundred years ago, are still quoted with respect, and their accuracy has hardly ever been challenged. Niebuhr spent the rest of his life as a kind of collector and magistrate at Meldorf, a small town of between two and three thousand inhabitants, in Dithmarschen. He is described as a square and powerful man, who lived to a good old age, and who, even when he had lost his eyesight, used to delight his family and a large circle of friends by telling them of the adventures in his Oriental travels, of the starry nights of the desert, and of the bright moonlight of Egypt, where, riding on his camel, he could, from his saddle, recognize every plant that was growing on the ground. Nor were the listeners that gathered round him unworthy of the old traveller. Like many a small German town, Meldorf, the home of Niebuhr, had a society consisting of a few government officials, clergymen, and masters at the public school; most of them men of cultivated mind, and quite capable of appreciating a man of Niebuhr's powers. Even the peasants there were not the mere clods of other parts of Germany. They were a well-to-do race, and by no means illiterate. Their sons received at the Gymnasium of Meldorf a classical education, and they were able to mix with ease and freedom in the society of their betters. The most hospitable house at Meldorf was that of Boie, the High Sheriff of Dithmarschen. He had formerly, at Göttingen, been the life and soul of a circle of friends who have become famous in the history of German literature, under the name of "Hainbund." That "Hainbund," or Grove-club, included Bürger, the author of "Lenore;" Voss, the translator of Homer; the Counts Stolberg, Hölty, and

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others. With Goethe, too, Boie had been on terms of intimacy, and when, in after life, he settled down at Meldorf, many of his old friends, his brother-in-law Voss, Count Stolberg, Claudius, and others, came to see him and his illustrious townsman, Niebuhr. Many a seed was sown there, many small germs began to ripen in that remote town of Meldorf, which are yielding fruit at the present day, not in Germany only, but here in England. The sons of Boie, fired by the descriptions of the old, blind traveller, followed his example, and became distinguished as explorers and discoverers in natural history. Niebuhr's son, young Barthold, soon attracted the attention of all who came to see his father, particularly of Voss; and he was enabled by their help and advice, to lay, in early youth, that foundation of solid learning which fitted him, in the intervals of his checkered life, to become the founder of a new era in the study of Ancient History. And how curious the threads which bind together the destinies of men! how marvelous the rays of light which, emanating from the most distant centres, cross each other in their onward course, and give their own peculiar coloring to characters apparently original and independent! We have read, of late, in the Confessions of a modern St. Augustine, how the last stroke that severed his connection with the Church of England was the establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric. But for that event, Dr. Newman might now be a bishop, and his friends a strong party in the Church of England. Well, that Jerusalem bishopric owes something to Meldorf. The young schoolboy of Meldorf was afterwards the private tutor and personal friend of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and he thus exercised an influence both on the political and the religious views of King Frederick

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William IV. He was likewise Prussian Ambassador at Rome, when Bunsen was there as a young scholar, full of schemes, and planning his own journey to the East. Niebuhr became the friend and patron of Bunsen, and Bunsen became his successor in the Prussian embassy at Rome. It is well known that the Jerusalem bishopric was a long-cherished plan of the King of Prussia, Niebuhr's pupil, and that the bill for the establishment of a Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem was carried chiefly through the personal influence of Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr. Thus we see how all things are working together for good or for evil, though we little know of the grains of dust that are carried along from all quarters of the globe, to tell like infinitesimal weights in the scales that decide hereafter the judgment of individuals and the fate of nations.

If Holstein, and more particularly Dithmarschen, of which Meldorf had in former days been the capital, may claim some share in Niebuhr the historian, — if he himself, as the readers of his history are well aware, is fond of explaining the social and political institutions of Rome by references to what he had seen or heard of the little republic of Dithmarschen, — it is certainly a curious coincidence that the only worthy successor of Niebuhr, in the field of Roman history, Theodore Mommsen, is likewise a native of Schleswig. His History of Rome, though it did not produce so complete a revolution as the work of Niebuhr, stands higher as a work of art. It contains the results of Niebuhr's critical researches, sifted and carried on by a most careful and thoughtful disciple. It is, in many respects, a most remarkable work, particularly in Germany. The fact that it is readable, and has become a popular book, has excited the wrath of many critics, who evidently

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consider it beneath the dignity of a learned professor that he should digest his knowledge, and give to the world, not all and everything he has accumulated in his note-books, but only what he considers really important and worth knowing. The fact, again, that he does not load his pages with references and learned notes has been treated like a *crimen læsæ majestatis;* and yet, with all the clamor and clatter that has been raised, few authors have had so little to alter or rectify in their later editions as Mommsen. To have produced two such scholars, historians, and statesmen as Niebuhr and Mommsen, would be an honor to any kingdom in Germany: how much more to the small duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, in which we have been told so often that nothing is spoken but Danish and some vulgar dialects of Low-German!

Well, even those vulgar dialects of Low-German, and the poems and novels that have been written in them by true Schleswig-Holsteiners, are well worth a moment's consideration. In looking at their language, an Englishman at once discovers a number of old acquaintances: words which we would look for in vain in Schiller or Goethe. We shall mention a few.

Black means black; in High-German it would be *schwarz*. *De black* is the black horse; *black up wit* is black on white; *gif mek kil un blak*, give me quill and ink. *Blid* is *blithe*, instead of the High-German *mild*. *Bottervogel*, or *botterhahn*, or *botterhex*, is *butterfly*, instead of *schmetterling*. It is a common superstition in the North of Germany, that one ought to mark the first butterfly one sees in spring. A white one betokens mourning, a yellow one a christening, a variegated one a wedding. *Bregen* or *brehm* is used instead of the High-German *gehirn;* it is the English *brain*.

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People say of a very foolish person, that his brain is frozen, *de brehm is em verfrorn*. The peculiar English *but*, which has given so much trouble to grammarians and etymologists, exists in the Holstein *buten*, literally outside, the Dutch *buiten*, the Old-Saxon *bi-ûtan*. *Buten* in German is a regular contraction, just as *binnen*, which means inside, within, during. *Heben* is the English heaven, while the common German name is *Himmel*. *Hückup* is a sigh, and no doubt the English *hiccough*. *Düsig* is dizzy; *talkig* is talkative.

There are some curious words which, though they have a Low-German look, are not to be found in English or Anglo-Saxon. Thus *plitsch*, which is used in Holstein in the sense of clever, turns out to be a corruption of *politisch*, i. e. political. *Krüdsch* means particular or over nice; it is a corruption of *kritisch*, critical. *Katolsch* means angry, mad, and is a corruption of *catholic*, i. e. Roman Catholic. *Krönsch* means plucky, and stands for *courageux*. *Fränksch*, i. e. Frankish, means strange; *Flämsch*, i. e. Flemish, means sulky, and is used to form superlatives; *Polsch*, i. e. Polish, means wild. *Forsch* means strong and strength, and comes from the French *force*. *Klür* is a corruption of *couleur*, and *Kunkelfusen* stands for confusion or fibs.

Some idiomatic and proverbial expressions, too, deserve to be noted. Instead of saying, "The sun has set," the Holsteiners, fond as they are of their beer, particularly in the evening after a hard day's work, say, "*De Sünn geiht to Beer*," "The sun goes to beer." If you ask in the country how far it is to some town or village, a peasant will answer, "*'n Hunnblaff*," "A dog's bark," if it is quite close; or "*'n Pip Toback*," "A pipe of tobacco," meaning about half an hour. Of a conceited

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fellow they say, "*Hê hört de Flégn hosten*," "He hears the flies coughing." If a man is full of great schemes, he is told, "*In Gedanken fört de Bur ôk in't Kutsch.*" "In thought the peasant, too, drives in a coach." A man who boasts is asked, "*Pracher! hâst ôk Lüs, oder schuppst di man so?*" "Braggart! have you really lice, or do you only scratch yourself as if you had?"

"*Holstein singt nicht*," "Holstein does not sing," is a curious proverb; and if it is meant to express the absence of popular poetry in that country, it would be easy to convict it of falsehood by a list of poets whose works, though unknown to fame beyond the limits of their own country, are cherished, and deservedly cherished, by their own countrymen. The best known among the Holstein poets is Klaus Groth, whose poems, published under the title of "Quickborn," *i. e.* quick bourn, or living spring, show that there is a well of true poetical feeling in that country, and that its strains are all the more delicious and refreshing if they bubble up in the native accent of the country. Klaus Groth was born in 1819. He was the son of a miller; and, though he was sent to school, he had frequently to work in the field in summer, and make himself generally useful. Like many Schleswig-Holsteiners, he showed a decided talent for mathematics; but, before he was sixteen, he had to earn his bread, and work as a clerk in the office of a local magistrate. His leisure hours were devoted to various studies: German, Danish, music, psychology, successively engaged his attention. In his nineteenth year he went to the seminary at Tondern to prepare himself to become a schoolmaster. There he studied Latin, French, Swedish; and, after three years, was appointed teacher at a girls' school. Though he had to give forty-three lessons a week, he

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found time to continue his own reading, and he acquired a knowledge of English, Dutch, Icelandic, and Italian. At last, however, his health gave way, and in 1847 he was obliged to resign his place. During his illness his poetical talent, which he himself had never trusted, became a source of comfort to himself and to his friends, and the warm reception which greeted the first edition of his "Quickborn" made him what he was meant to be, — the poet of Schleswig-Holstein.

His political poems are few; and, though a true Schleswig-Holsteiner at heart, he has always declined to fight with his pen when he could not fight with his sword. In the beginning of this year, however, he published "Five Songs for Singing and Praying," which, though they fail to give an adequate idea of his power as a poet, may be of interest as showing the deep feelings of the people in their struggle for independence. The text will be easily intelligible with the help of a literal English translation.

DUTSCHE EHR AND DUTSCHE EER.

I.

Frühling, 1848.

Dar keemn Soldaten æwer de Elf,
Hurah, hurah, na't Norn!
Se keemn so dicht as Wagg an Wagg,
Un as en Koppel vull Korn.

Gundag, Soldaten! wo kamt jü her?
Vun alle Bargen de Krüz un Quer,
Ut dütschen Landen na't dütsche Meer —
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

Wat liggt so eben as weert de See?
Wat schint so gel as Gold?
Dat is de Marschen er Saat un Staat,
Dat is de Holsten er Stoet.

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Gundag jü Holsten op dütsche Eer!
Gundag jü Friesen ant dütsche Meer!
To leben un starben vær dütsche Ehr
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

GERMAN HONOR AND GERMAN EARTH.

Spring, 1848.

There came soldiers across the Elbe,
Hurrah, hurrah, to the North!
They came as thick as wave on wave,
And like a field full of corn.

Good day, soldiers! whence do you come?
From all the hills on the right and left,
From German lands to the German sea, —
Thus wanders and marches the host.

What lies so still as it were the sea?
What shines so yellow as gold?
The splendid fields of the Marshes they are,
The pride of the Holsten race.

Good day, ye Holsten, on German soil!
Good day, ye Friesians, on the German sea
To live and to die for German honor, —
Thus wanders and marches the host.

II.

Sommer, 1851.

Dat treckt so trurig æwèr de Elf,
In Tritt un Schritt so swar —
De Swalw de wannert, de Hatbar treckt —
Se kamt wedder to tokum Jahr.

Ade, ade, du dütsches Heer!
"Ade, ade, du Holsten meer!
Ade op Hoffen un Wiederkehr!"
Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

De Storch kumt wedder, de Swalw de singt
So fröhlich as all tovær —
Wann kumt de dütsche Adler un bringt
Di wedder, du dütsche Ehr?

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Wak op du Floth, wak op du Meer!
Wak op du Dunner, un weck de Eer!
Wi sitt op Hæpen un Wedderkehr —
Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

Summer, 1851.

They march so sad across the Elbe,
So heavy, step by step, —
The swallow wanders, the stork departs, —
They come back in the year to come.

Adieu, adieu, thou German host!
"Adieu, adieu, thou Holsten sea!
Adieu, in hope, and to meet again!"
We mourn alone by the sea.

The stork comes back, the swallow sings
As blithe as ever before, —
When will the German eagle return,
And bring thee back, thou German honor!

Wake up, thou flood! wake up, thou sea!
Wake up, thou thunder, and rouse the land!
We are sitting in hope to meet again, —
We mourn alone by the sea.

III.

Winter, 1863.

Dar kumt en Brusen as Værjahswind,
Dat dræhnt as wær dat de Floth, —
Will't Frühjahr kamen to Wihnachtstid?
Hölpt Gott uns sülb'n inne Noth?

Vun alle Bargen de Krüz un Quer
Dar is dat wedder dat dütsche Heer!
Dat gelt op Nu oder Nimmermehr!
So rett se, de dütsche Ehr!

Wi hört den Adler, he kumt, he kumt!
Noch eenmal hæpt wi un harrt!
Is't Friheit endlich, de he uns bringt?
Is't Wahrheit, wat der ut ward?

Sunst hölp uns Himmel, nu geit't ni mehr!
Hölp du, un bring uns den Herzog her!

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Denn wüllt wi starben vær dütsche Ehr!
Denn begravt uns in dütsche Eer!

30 December, 1863.

Winter, 1863.

There comes a blast like winter storm;
It roars as it were the flood.
Is the spring coming at Christmas-tide?
Does God himself help us in our need?

From all the hills on the right and left,
There again comes the German host!
It is to be now or never!
O, save the German honor!

We hear the eagle, he comes, he comes!
Once more we hope and wait!
Is it freedom at last he brings to us?
Is it truth what comes from thence?

Else Heaven help us, now it goes no more!
Help thou, and bring us our Duke!
Then will we die for German honor!
Then bury us in German earth!

December 30, 1863.

It is not, however, in war songs or political invective that the poetical genius of Klaus Groth shows to advantage. His proper sphere is the quiet idyl, a truthful and thoughtful description of nature, a reproduction of the simplest and deepest feelings of the human heart, and all this in the homely, honest, and heartfelt language of his own "Platt Deutsch." That the example of Burns has told on Groth, that the poetry of the Scotch poet has inspired and inspirited the poet of Schleswig-Holstein, is not to be denied. But to imitate Burns, and to imitate him successfully, is no mean achievement, and Groth would be the last man to disown his master. The poem "Min Jehann" might have been written by Burns. I shall give a free metrical translation of it, but should advise the reader

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to try to spell out the original; for much of its charm lies in its native form, and to turn Groth even into High-German destroys his beauty as much as when Burns is translated into English.

MIN JEHANN.

Ik wull, wi weern noch kleen, Jehann,
  Do weer de Welt so grot!
We seten op den Steen, Jehann,
  Weest noch? by Nawers Sot.
    An Heben seil de stille Maan,
    Wi segen, wa he leep,
    Un snacken, wa de Himmel hoch,
    Un wa de Sot wul deep.

Weest noch, wa still dat weer, Jehann?
  Dar röhr keen Blatt an Bom.
So is dat nu ni mehr, Jehann,
  As höchstens noch in Drom.
    Och ne, wenn do de Scheper sung —
    Alleen in't wide Feld:
    Ni wahr, Jehann? dat weer en Ton —
    De eenzige op de Welt.

Mitünner inne Schummerntid
  Denn ward mi so to Mod,
Denn löppt mi't langs den Rügg so hitt,
  As domals bi den Sot.
    Den dreih ik mi so hasti um,
    As weer ik nich alleen:
    Doch Allens, wat ik finn, Jehann,
    Dat is — ik stah un ween.

MY JOHN.

I wish we still were little, John,
  The world was then so wide!
When on the stone by neighbor's bourn
  We rested side by side.
    We saw the moon in silver veiled
    Sail silent through the sky;
    Our thoughts were deeper than the bourn,
    And as the heavens high.

You know how still it was then, John;
  All nature seemed at rest;

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So is it now no longer, John,
Or in our dreams at best!
Think when the shepherd boy then sang
Alone o'er all the plain,
Aye, John, you know, that was a sound
We ne'er shall hear again.

Sometimes now, John, the eventides
The self-same feelings bring,
My pulses beat as loud and strong
As then beside the spring.
And then I turn affrighted round,
Some stranger to descry;
But nothing can I see, my John, —
I am alone and cry.

The next poem is a little popular ballad, relating to a tradition, very common on the northern coast of Germany, both east and west of the peninsula, of islands swallowed by the sea, their spires, pinnacles, and roofs being on certain days still visible, and their bells audible, below the waves. One of these islands was called *Büsen*, or *Old Büsum*, and is supposed to have been situated opposite the village now called Büsen, on the west coast of Dithmarschen. Strange to say, the inhabitants of that island, in spite of their tragic fate, are represented rather in a comical light, as the Bœotians of Holstein.

WAT SIK DAT VOLK VERTELLT.

Ol Büsum.

Ol Büsen liggt int wille Haff,
De Floth de keem un wöhl en Graff.
De Floth de keem un spöl un spöl,
Bet se de Insel ünner wöhl.
Dar blev keen Steen, dar blev keen Pahl,
Dat Water schæl dat all hendal.
Dar weer keen Beest, dar weer keen Hund,
De ligt nu all in depen Grund.
Un Allens, wat der lev un lach,
Dat deck de See mit depe Nach.

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Mitünner in de holle Ebb
So süht man vunne Hüs' de Köpp.
Denn dukt de Thorn herut ut Sand,
As weert en Finger vun en Hand.
Denn hört man sach de Klocken klingn,
Denn hört man sach de Kanter singn;
Denn geit dat lisen dær de Luft:
"Begrabt den Leib in seine Gruft."

WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL.

Old Büsum.

Old Büsen sank into the waves;
The sea has made full many graves;
The flood came near and washed around,
Until the rock to dust was ground.
No stone remained, no belfry steep;
All sank into the waters deep.
There was no beast, there was no hound;
They all were carried to the ground.
And all that lived and laughed around
The sea now holds in gloom profound.
At times, when low the water falls,
The sailor sees the broken walls;
The church tower peeps from out the sand,
Like to the finger of a hand.
Then hears one low the church bells ringing
Then hears one low the sexton singing;
A chant is carried by the gust:
"Give earth to earth, and dust to dust."

In the Baltic, too, similar traditions are current of sunken islands and towns buried in the sea, which are believed to be visible at certain times. The most famous tradition is that of the ancient town of Vineta, — once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe, — several times destroyed and built up again, till, in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a flood. The ruins of Vineta are believed to be visible between the coast of Pomerania and the island of Rügen. This tradition has suggested one of Wilhelm Müller's — my father's — lyrical songs, published in his "Stones and Shells from the Island of

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Rügen," 1825, of which I am able to give a translation by Mr. J. A. Froude.

VINETA.

I.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingen Abendglocken dumpf und matt,
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

II.

In der Fluthen Schooss hinabgesunken
Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn,
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

III.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,
Nach derselben Stelle schifft er immer,
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

IV.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt:
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

V.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

VI.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen,
Mich versenken in den Wiederschein,
Und mir ist als ob mich Engel riefen
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

VINETA.

I.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far off evening bells come sad and slow;

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Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

II.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

III.

And the boatman who at twilight hour
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Evermore will haunt the charméd scene.

IV.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownéd wreck of love below.

V.

There a world, in loveliness decaying,
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms, across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

VI.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free,
Where I hear the angel-voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

I give a few more specimens of Klaus Groth's poetry, which I have ventured to turn into English verse, in the hope that my translations, though very imperfect, may, perhaps on account of their very imperfection, excite among some of my readers a desire to become acquainted with the originals.

HE SÄ MI SO VEL.

I.

He sä mi so vel, un ik sä em keen Wort,
Un all wat ik sä, weer: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

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II.

He sä mi vun Lev un vun Himmel un Eer,
He sä mi vun allens — ik weet ni mal mehr!

III.

He sä mi so vel, un ik sä em keen Wort,
Un all wat ik sä, weer: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

IV.

He heeld mi de Hann, un he be mi so dull,
Ik schull em doch gut wen, un ob ik ni wull?

V.

Ik weer je ni bös, awer sä doch keen Wort,
Un all wat ik sä, weer: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

VI.

Nu sitt ik un denk, un denk jümmer deran
Mi düch, ik muss seggt hebbn: Wa geern, min Jehann!

VII.

Un doch, kumt dat wedder, so segg ik keen Wort,
Un hollt he mi, segg ik: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

HE TOLD ME SO MUCH.

I.

Though he told me so much, I had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, John, I must away!

II.

He spoke of his true love, and spoke of all that,
Of honor and heaven, — I hardly know what.

III.

Though he told me so much, I had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, John, I must away!

IV.

He held me, and asked me, as hard as he could,
That I too should love him, and whether I would?

V.

I never was wrath, but had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, John, I must away!

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VI.

I sit now alone, and I think on and on,
Why did I not say then, How gladly, my John!

VII.

Yet even the next time, O what shall I say,
If he holds me and asks me? — John, I must away!

TÖF MAL!

Se is doch de stillste vun alle to Kark!
Se is doch de schönste vun alle to Mark!
So weekli, so bleekli, un de Ogen so grot,
So blau as en Heben un deep as en Sot.

Wer kikt wul int Water, un denkt ni sin Deel?
Wer kikt wul nan Himmel, un wünscht sik ne vel?
Wer süht er in Ogen, so blau un so fram,
Un denkt ni an Engeln, un allerhand Kram?

I.

In church she is surely the stillest of all,
She steps through the market so fair and so tall,

II.

So softly, so lightly, with wondering eyes,
As deep as the sea, and as blue as the skies.

III.

Who thinks not a deal when he looks on the main?
Who looks to the skies, and sighs not again?

IV.

Who looks in her eyes, so blue and so true,
And thinks not of angels and other things too?

KEEN GRAFF IS SO BRUT.

I.

Keen Graff is so brut un keen Müer so hoch,
Wenn Twe sik man gut sünd, so drapt se sik doch.

II.

Keen Wedder so gruli, so düster keen Nacht,
Wenn Twe sik man sehn wüllt, so seht se sik sacht.

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III.

Dat gif wul en Maanschin, dar schint wul en Steern,
Dat gift noch en Licht oder Lücht un Lantern.

IV.

Dar flunt sik en Ledder, en Stegelsch un Steg:
Wenn Twe sik man leef hebbt — keen Sorg vaer den Weg.

I.

No ditch is so deep, and no wall is so high,
If two love each other, they'll meet by and by.

II.

No storm is so wild, and no night is so black,
If two wish to meet, they will soon find a track.

III.

There is surely the moon, or the stars shining bright,
Or a torch, or a lantern, or some sort of light;

IV.

There is surely a ladder, a step, or a stile,
If two love each other, they'll meet ere long while.

JEHANN, NU SPANN DE SCHIMMELS AN!

I.

Jehann, nu spann de Schimmels an!
Nu fahr wi na de Brut!
Un hebbt wi nix as brune Per,
Jehann, so is't ok gut!

II.

Un hebbt wi nix as swarte Per,
Jehann, so is't ok recht!
Un bün ik nich uns Weerth sin Sœn,
So bün'k sin jüngste Knecht!

III.

Un hebbt wi gar keen Per un Wag',
So hebbt wi junge Been!
Un de so glückli is as ik,
Jehann, dat wüll wi sehn!

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MAKE HASTE, MY JOHN, PUT TO THE GRAYS.

I.

Make haste, my John, put to the grays,
We'll go and fetch the bride,
And if we have but two brown hacks,
They'll do as well to ride.

II.

And if we've but a pair of blacks,
We still can bear our doom,
And if I'm not my master's son,
I'm still his youngest groom.

III.

And have we neither horse nor cart,
Still strong young legs have we, —
And any happier man than I,
John, I should like to see.

DE JUNGE WETFRU.

Wenn Abends roth de Wulken treckt,
So denk ik och! an di!
So trock verbi dat ganze Heer,
Un du weerst mit derbi.

Wenn ut de Böm de Blaeder fallt,
So denk ik glik an di:
So full so menni brawe Jung,
Un du weerst mit derbi.

Denn sett ik mi so truri hin,
Un denk so vel an di,
Ik et alleen min Abendbrot —
Un du büst nich derbi.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

When ruddy clouds are driving past,
'Tis more than I can bear;
Thus did the soldiers all march by,
And thou, too, thou wert there.

When leaves are falling on the ground,
'Tis more than I can bear;

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Thus fell full many a valiant lad,
And thou, too, thou wert there.

And now I sit so still and sad,
'Tis more than I can bear;
My evening meal I eat alone,
For thou, thou art not there.

I wish I could add one of Klaus Groth's tales ("Vertellen," as he calls them), which give the most truthful description of all the minute details of life in Dithmarschen, and bring the peculiar character of the country and of its inhabitants vividly before the eyes of the reader. But, short as they are, even the shortest of them would fill more pages than could here be spared for Schleswig-Holstein. I shall, therefore, conclude this sketch with a tale which has no author, — a simple tale from one of the local Holstein newspapers. It came to me in a heap of other papers, fly-sheets, pamphlets, and books, but it shone like a diamond in a heap of rubbish; and, as the tale of "The Old Woman of Schleswig-Holstein," it may help to give to many who have been unjust to the inhabitants of the Duchies some truer idea of the stuff there is in that strong and staunch and sterling race to which England owes its language, its best blood, and its honored name.

"When the war against Denmark began again in the winter of 1863, offices were opened in the principal towns of Germany for collecting charitable contributions. At Hamburg, Messrs. L. and K. had set apart a large room for receiving lint, linen, and warm clothing, or small sums of money. One day, about Christmas, a poorly clad woman from the country stepped in and inquired, in the pure Holstein dialect, whether contributions were received here for Schles-

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wig-Holstein. The clerk showed her to a table covered with linen rags and such like articles. But she turned away and pulled out an old leather purse, and, taking out pieces of money, began to count aloud on the counter: 'One mark, two marks, three marks,' till she had finished her ten marks. 'That makes ten marks,' she said, and shoved the little pile away. The clerk, who had watched the poor old woman while she was arranging her small copper and silver coins, asked her,—'From whom does the money come?'

"'From me,' she said, and began counting again, 'One mark, two marks, three marks.' Thus she went on emptying her purse, till she had counted out ten small heaps of coin, of ten marks each. Then, counting each heap once over again, she said: 'These are my hundred marks for Schleswig-Holstein; be so good as to send them to the soldiers.'

"While the old peasant woman was doing her sums, several persons had gathered round her; and, as she was leaving the shop, she was asked again in a tone of surprise from whom the money came.

"'From me,' she said; and, observing that she was closely scanned, she turned back, and looking the man full in the face, she added, smiling: 'It is all honest money; it won't hurt the good cause.'

"The clerk assured her that no one had doubted her honesty, but that she herself had, no doubt, often known want, and that it was hardly right to let her contribute so large a sum, probably the whole of her savings.

"The old woman remained silent for a time, but, after she had quietly scanned the faces of all present, she said: 'Surely it concerns no one how I got the

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money. Many a thought passed through my heart while I was counting that money. You would not ask me to tell you all? But you are kind gentlemen, and you take much trouble for us poor people. So I'll tell you whence the money came. Yes, I have known want; food has been scarce with me many a day, and it will be so again, as I grow older. But our gracious Lord watches over us. He has helped me to bear the troubles which He sent. He will never forsake me. My husband has been dead this many and many a year. I had one only son; and my John was a fine stout fellow, and he worked hard, and he would not leave his old mother. He made my home snug and comfortable. Then came the war with the Danes. All his friends joined the army; but the only son of a widow, you know, is free. So he remained at home, and no one said to him, "Come along with us," for they knew that he was a brave boy, and that it broke his very heart to stay behind. I knew it all. I watched him when the people talked of the war, or when the schoolmaster brought the newspaper. Ah, how he turned pale and red, and how he looked away, and thought his old mother did not see it! But he said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him, Gracious God, who could have thought that it was so hard to drive our oppressors out of the land? Then came the news from Fredericia! That was a dreadful night. We sat in silence opposite each other. We knew what was in our hearts, and we hardly dared to look at each other. Suddenly he rose and took my hand, and said, "Mother!" — God be praised, I had strength in that moment — "John," I said, "our time has come; go in God's name. I know how thou lovest me, and what thou hast suffered. God knows what will be-

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come of me if I am left quite alone, but our Lord Jesus Christ will forsake neither thee nor me." John enlisted as a volunteer. The day of parting came. Ah, I am making a long story of it all! John stood before me in his new uniform. "Mother," he said, "one request before we part — if it is to be"— "John," I said to him, "I know what thou meanest, — O, I shall weep, I shall weep very much when I am alone; but my time will come, and we shall meet again in the day of our Lord, John! and the land shall be free, John! the land shall be free!"'

"Heavy tears stood in the poor old woman's eyes as she repeated her sad tale; but she soon collected herself, and continued: 'I did not think then it would be so hard. The heart always hopes even against hope. But for all that' — and here the old woman drew herself up, and looked at us like a queen — 'I have never regretted that I bade him go. Then came dreadful days; but the most dreadful of all was when we read that the Germans had betrayed the land, and that they had given up our land with all our dead to the Danes! Then I called on the Lord and said, "O Lord, my God, how is that possible? Why lettest Thou the wicked triumph and allowest the just to perish?" And I was told that the Germans were sorry for what they had done, but that they could not help it. But that, gentlemen, I could never understand. We should never do wrong, nor allow wrong to be done. And, therefore, I thought, it cannot always remain so; our good Lord knows his own good time, and in his own good time He will come and deliver us. And I prayed every evening that our gracious Lord would permit me to see that day when the land should be free, and our dear dead

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should sleep no more in Danish soil. And, as I had no other son against that day, I saved every year what I could save, and on every Christmas Eve I placed it before me on a table, where, in former years, I had always placed a small present for my John, and I said in my heart, The war will come again, and the land will be free, and thou shalt sleep in a free grave, my only son, my John! And now, gentlemen, the poor old woman has been told that the day has come, and that her prayer has been heard, and that the war will begin again; and that is why she has brought her money, the money she saved for her son. Good morning, gentlemen,' she said, and was going quickly away.

"But, before she had left the room, an old gentleman said, loud enough for her to hear, 'Poor body! I hope she may not be deceived.'

"'Ah,' said the old woman, turning back, 'I know what you mean; I have been told all is not right yet. But have faith, men! the wicked cannot prevail against the just; man cannot prevail against the Lord. Hold to that, gentlemen; hold fast together, gentlemen! This very day I — begin to save up again.'

"Bless her, good old soul! And, if Odin were still looking out of his window in the sky as of yore, when he granted victory to the women of the Lombards, might he not say even now: —

"'When women are heroes,
What must the men be like?
Theirs is the victory;
No need of me.'"

1864.

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VII.

JOINVILLE.[1]

Our attention was attracted a few months ago by a review published in the "Journal des Débats," in which a new translation of Joinville's "Histoire de Saint Louis," by M. Natalis de Wailly, a distinguished member of the French Institute, was warmly recommended to the French public. After pointing out the merits of M. de Wailly's new rendering of Joinville's text, and the usefulness of such a book for enabling boys at school to gain an insight into the hearts and minds of the Crusaders, and to form to themselves a living conception of the manners and customs of the people of the thirteenth century, the reviewer, whose name is well known in this country as well as in France by his valuable contributions to the history of medicine, dwelt chiefly on the fact that through the whole of Joinville's "Mémoires" there is no mention whatever

[1] *Histoire de St. Louis*, par Joinville. Texte rapproché du Français Moderne par M. Natalis de Wailly, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1865.

Œuvres de Jean Sire de Joinville, avec un texte rapproché du Français Moderne, par M. Natalis de Wailly. Paris, 1867. M. Natalis de Wailly has since published a new edition of Joinville, *Histoire de Saint Louis*, par Jean Sire de Joinville, suivie du Credo et de la lettre à Louis X.; texte ramené à l'orthographe des Chartes du Sire de Joinville. Paris, 1868. He has more fully explained the principles according to which the text of Joinville has been restored by him in his *Mémoire sur la Langue de Joinville*. Paris, 1868.

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of surgeons or physicians. Nearly the whole French army is annihilated, the King and his companions lie prostrate from wounds and disease, Joinville himself is several times on the point of death; yet nowhere, according to the French reviewer, does the chronicler refer to a medical staff attached to the army or to the person of the King. Being somewhat startled at this remark, we resolved to peruse once more the charming pages of Joinville's History; nor had we to read far before we found that one passage at least had been overlooked, a passage which establishes beyond the possibility of doubt the presence of surgeons and physicians in the camp of the French Crusaders. On page 78 of M. de Wailly's spirited translation, in the account of the death of Gautier d'Autrèche, we read that when that brave knight was carried back to his tent nearly dying, "several of the surgeons and physicians of the camp came to see him, and not perceiving that he was dangerously injured, they bled him on both his arms." The result was what might be expected: Gautier d'Autrèche soon breathed his last.

Having once opened the "Mémoires" of Joinville, we could not but go on to the end, for there are few books that carry on the reader more pleasantly, whether we read them in the quaint French of the fourteenth century, or in the more modern French in which they have just been clothed by M. Natalis de Wailly. So vividly does the easy gossip of the old soldier bring before our eyes the days of St. Louis and Henry III., that we forget that we are reading an old chronicle, and holding converse with the heroes of the thirteenth century. The fates both of Joinville's "Mémoires" and of Joinville himself suggest in fact many reflections apart from mere mediæval history; and a few of

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them may here be given in the hope of reviving the impressions left on the minds of many by their first acquaintance with the old Crusader, or of inviting others to the perusal of a work which no one who takes an interest in man, whether past or present, can read without real pleasure and real benefit.

It is interesting to watch the history of books, and to gain some kind of insight into the various circumstances which contribute to form the reputation of poets, philosophers, or historians. Joinville, whose name is now familiar to the student of French history, as well as to the lover of French literature, might fairly have expected that his memory would live by his acts of prowess, and by his loyal devotion and sufferings when following the King of France, St. Louis, on his unfortunate crusade. When, previous to his departure for the Holy Land, the young Sénéchal de Champagne, then about twenty-four years of age, had made his confession to the Abbot of Cheminon; when, barefoot and in a white sheet, he was performing his pilgrimages to Blehecourt (Blechicourt), St. Urbain, and other sacred shrines in his neighborhood, and when on passing his own domain he would not once turn his eyes back on the castle of Joinville, "*pour ce que li cuers ne me attendrisist dou biau chastel que je lessoie et de mes dous enfans*" ("that the heart might not make me pine after the beautiful castle which I left behind, and after my two children"), he must have felt that, happen what might to himself, the name of his family would live, and his descendants would reside from century to century in those strong towers where he left his young wife, Alix de Grandpré, and his son and heir Jean, then but a few months old. After five years he returned from his crusade, full of honors and

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full of wounds. He held one of the highest positions that a French nobleman could hold. He was Sénéchal de Champagne, as his ancestors had been before him. Several members of his family had distinguished themselves in former crusades, and the services of his uncle Geoffroi had been so highly appreciated by Richard Cœur de Lion that he was allowed by that King to quarter the arms of England with his own. Both at the court of the Comtes de Champagne, who were Kings of Navarre, and at the court of Louis IX., King of France, Joinville was a welcome guest. He witnessed the reigns of six kings, — of Louis VIII., 1223–26; Louis IX., or St. Louis, 1226–70; Philip III., le Hardi, 1270–85; Philip IV., le Bel, 1285–1314; Louis X., le Hutin, 1314–16; and Philip V., le Long, 1316–22. Though later in life Joinville declined to follow his beloved King on his last and fatal crusade in 1270, he tells us himself how, on the day on which he took leave of him, he carried his royal friend, then really on the brink of death, in his arms from the residence of the Comte d'Auxerre to the house of the Cordeliers. In 1282 he was one of the principal witnesses when, previous to the canonization of the King, an inquest was held to establish the purity of his life, the sincerity of his religious professions, and the genuineness of his self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of Christendom. When the daughter of his own liege lord, the Comte de Champagne, Jeanne de Navarre, married Philip le Bel, and became Queen of France, she made Joinville Governor of Champagne, which she had brought as her dowry to the grandson of St. Louis. Surely, then, when the old Crusader, the friend and counselor of many kings, closed his earthly career, at the good age of ninety-five, he might have looked forward to an

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honored grave in the Church of St. Laurent, and to an eminent place in the annals of his country, which were then being written in more or less elegant Latin by the monks of St. Denis.

But what has happened? The monkish chroniclers, no doubt, have assigned him his proper place in their tedious volumes, and there his memory would have lived with that kind of life which belongs to the memory of Geoffroi, his illustrious uncle, the friend of Philip Augustus, the companion of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose arms were to be seen in the Church of St. Laurent, at Joinville, quartered with the royal arms of England. Such parchment or hatchment glory might have been his, and many a knight, as good as he, has received no better, no more lasting reward for his loyalty and bravery. His family became extinct in his grandson. Henri de Joinville, his grandson, had no sons; and his daughter, being a wealthy heiress, was married to one of the Dukes of Lorraine. The Dukes of Lorraine were buried for centuries in the same Church of St. Laurent where Joinville reposed, and where he had founded a chapel dedicated to his companion in arms, Louis IX., the Royal Saint of France; and when, at the time of the French Revolution, the tombs of St. Denis were broken open by an infuriated people, and their ashes scattered abroad, the vaults of the church at Joinville, too, shared the same fate, and the remains of the brave Crusader suffered the same indignity as the remains of his sainted King. It is true that there were some sparks of loyalty and self-respect left in the hearts of the citizens of Joinville. They had the bones of the old warrior and of the Dukes of Lorraine reinterred in the public cemetery; and there they now rest, mingled with the dust of

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their faithful lieges and subjects. But the Church of St. Laurent, with its tombs and tombstones, is gone. The property of the Joinvilles descended from the Dukes of Lorraine to the Dukes of Guise, and, lastly, to the family of Orleans. The famous Duke of Orleans, Egalité, sold Joinville in 1790, and stipulated that the old castle should be demolished. Poplars and fir-trees now cover the ground of the ancient castle, and the name of Joinville is borne by a royal prince, the son of a dethroned king, the grandson of Louis Egalité, who died on the guillotine.

Neither his noble birth, nor his noble deeds, nor the friendship of kings and princes, would have saved Joinville from that inevitable oblivion which has blotted from the memory of living men the names of his more eminent companions, — Robert, Count of Artois; Alphonse, Count of Poitiers; Charles, Count of Anjou; Hugue, Duke of Burgundy; William, Count of Flanders, and many more. A little book which the old warrior wrote or dictated, — for it is very doubtful whether he could have written it himself, — a book which for many years attracted nobody's attention, and which even now we do not possess in the original language of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth centuries — has secured to the name of Jean de Joinville a living immortality, and a fame that will last long after the bronze statue which was erected in his native place in 1853 shall have shared the fate of his castle, of his church, and of his tomb. Nothing could have been further from the mind of the old nobleman when, at the age of eighty-five, he began the history of his royal comrade, St. Louis, than the hope of literary fame. He would have scouted it. That kind of fame might have been good enough for monks

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and abbots, but it would never at that time have roused the ambition of a man of Joinville's stamp. How the book came to be written he tells us himself in his dedication, dated in the year 1309, and addressed to Louis le Hutin, then only King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, but afterwards King of France. His mother, Jeanne of Navarre, the daughter of Joinville's former liege lord, the last of the Counts of Champagne, who was married to Philip le Bel, the grandson of St. Louis, had asked him "to have a book made for her, containing the sacred words and good actions of our King, St. Looys." She died before the book was finished, and Joinville, therefore, sent it to her son. How it was received by him we do not know; nor is there any reason to suppose that there were more than a few copies made of a work which was intended chiefly for members of the royal family of France and of his own family. It is never quoted by historical writers of that time; and the first historian who refers to it is said to be Pierre le Baud, who, toward the end of the fifteenth century, wrote his "Histoire de Bretagne." It has been proved that for a long time no mention of the dedication copy occurs in the inventories of the private libraries of the Kings of France. At the death of Louis le Hutin his library consisted of twenty-nine volumes, and among them the History of St. Louis does not occur. There is, indeed, one entry, "Quatre caiers de Saint Looys;" but this could not be meant for the work of Joinville, which was in one volume. These four *cahiers* or quires of paper were more likely manuscript notes of St. Louis himself. His confessor, Geoffroy de Beaulieu, relates that the King, before his last illness, wrote down with his own hand some salutary counsels in French, of

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which he, the confessor, procured a copy before the King's death, and which he translated from French into Latin.

Again, the widow of Louis X. left at her death a collection of forty-one volumes, and the widow of Charles le Bel a collection of twenty volumes; but in neither of them is there any mention of Joinville's History.

It is not till we come to the reign of Charles V. (1364–80) that Joinville's book occurs in the inventory of the royal library, drawn up in 1373 by the King's valet de chambre, Gilles Mallet. It is entered as "La vie de Saint Loys, et les fais de son voyage d'outre mer;" and in the margin of the catalogue there is a note, "Le Roy l'a par devers soy,"—"The King has it by him." At the time of his death the volume had not yet been returned to its proper place in the first hall of the Louvre; but in the inventory drawn up in 1411 it appears again, with the following description:[1]—

"Une grant partie de la vie et des fais de Monseigneur Saint Loys que fist faire le Seigneur de Joinville; très-bien escript et historié. Couvert de cuir rouge,à empreintes, à deux fermoirs d'argent. Escript de lettres de forme en françois à deux coulombes; commençant au deuxième folio 'et porceque,' et au derrenier 'en tele maniere.'"

This means, "A great portion of the life and actions of St. Louis which the Seigneur de Joinville had made, very well written and illuminated. Bound in red leather, tooled, with two silver clasps. Written in formal letters in French, in two columns, beginning on the second folio with the words "*et porceque*," and on the last with "*en tele maniere.*"

During the Middle Ages and before the discovery

[1] See Paulin Paris, p. 175.

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of printing, the task of having a literary work published, or rather of having it copied, rested chiefly with the author; and as Joinville himself, at his time of life, and in the position which he occupied, had no interest in what we should call "pushing" his book, this alone is quite sufficient to explain its almost total neglect. But other causes, too, have been assigned by M. Paulin Paris and others for what seems at first sight so very strange, — the entire neglect of Joinville's work. From the beginning of the twelfth century the monks of St. Denis were the recognized historians of France. They at first collected the most important historical works of former centuries, such as Gregory of Tours, Eginhard, the so-called Archbishop Turpin, Nithard, and William of Jumièges. But beginning with the first year of Philip I., 1060–1108, the monks became themselves the chroniclers of passing events. The famous Abbot Suger, the contemporary of Abelard and St. Bernard, wrote the life of Louis le Gros; Rigord and Guillaume de Nangis followed with the history of his successors. Thus the official history of St. Louis had been written by Guillaume de Nangis long before Joinville thought of dictating his personal recollections of the King. Besides the work of Guillaume de Nangis, there was the "History of the Crusades," including that of St. Louis, written by Guillaume, Archbishop of Tyre, and translated into French, so that even the ground which Joinville had more especially selected as his own was preoccupied by a popular and authoritative writer. Lastly, when Joinville's History appeared, the chivalrous King, whose sayings and doings his old brother in arms undertook to describe in his homely and truthful style, had ceased to be an ordinary mortal. He had become

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a saint, and what people were anxious to know of him were legends rather than history. With all the sincere admiration which Joinville entertained for his King, he could not compete with such writers as Geoffroy de Beaulieu (Gaufridus de Belloloco), the confessor of St. Louis, Guillaume de Chartres (Guillelmus Carnotensis), his chaplain, or the confessor of his daughter Blanche, each of whom had written a life of the royal saint. Their works were copied over and over again, and numerous MSS. have been preserved of them in public and private libraries. Of Joinville one early MS. only was saved, and even that not altogether a faithful copy of the original.

The first edition of Joinville was printed at Poitiers in 1547, and dedicated to François I. The editor, Pierre Antoine de Rieux, tells us that when, in 1542, he examined some old documents at Beaufort en Valée, in Anjou, he found among the MSS. the Chronicle of King Louis, written by a Seigneur de Joinville, Sénéchal de Champagne, who lived at that time, and had accompanied the said St. Louis in all his wars. But because it was badly arranged or written in a very rude language, he had it polished and put in better order, a proceeding of which he is evidently very proud, as we may gather from a remark of his friend Guillaume de Perrière, that "it is no smaller praise to polish a diamond than to find it quite raw" (*toute brute*).

This text, which could hardly be called Joinville's, remained for a time the received text. It was reproduced in 1595, in 1596, and in 1609.

In 1617 a new edition was published by Claude Menard. He states that he found at Laval a heap of old papers, which had escaped the ravages committed

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by the Protestants in some of the monasteries at Anjou. When he compared the MS. of Joinville with the edition of Pierre Antoine de Rieux, he found that the ancient style of Joinville had been greatly changed. He therefore undertook a new edition, more faithful to the original. Unfortunately, however, his original MS. was but a modern copy, and his edition, though an improvement on that of 1547, was still very far from the style and language of the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The learned Du Cange searched in vain for more trustworthy materials for restoring the text of Joinville. Invaluable as are the dissertations which he wrote on Joinville, his own text of the History, published in 1668, could only be based on the two editions that had preceded his own.

It was not till 1761 that real progress was made in restoring the text of Joinville. An ancient MS. had been brought from Brussels by the Maréchal Maurice de Saxe. It was carefully edited by M. Capperonnier, and it has served, with few exceptions, as the foundation of all later editions. It is now in the Imperial Library. The editors of the "Recueil des Historiens de France" express their belief that the MS. might actually be the original. At the end of it are the words, "Ce fu escript en l'an de grâce mil CCC et IX, on moys d'octovre." This, however, is no real proof of the date of the MS. Transcribers of MSS., it is well known, were in the habit of mechanically copying all they saw in the original, and hence we find very commonly the date of an old MS. repeated over and over again in modern copies.

The arguments by which in 1839 M. Paulin Paris proved that this, the oldest MS. of Joinville, belongs

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not to the beginning, but to the end of the fourteenth century, seem unanswerable, though they failed to convince M. Daunou, who, in the twentieth volume of the "Historiens de France," published in 1840, still looks upon this MS. as written in 1309, or at least during Joinville's life-time. M. Paulin Paris establishes, first of all, that this MS. cannot be the same as that which was so carefully described in the catalogue of Charles V. What became of that MS. once belonging to the private library of the Kings of France, no one knows, but there is no reason, even now, why it should not still be recovered. The MS. of Joinville, which now belongs to the Imperial Library, is written by the same scribe who wrote another MS. of "La Vie et les Miracles de Saint Louis." Now, this MS. of "La Vie et les Miracles" is a copy of an older MS., which likewise exists at Paris. This more ancient MS., probably the original, and written, therefore, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, had been carefully revised before it served as the model for the later copy, executed by the same scribe who, as we saw, wrote the old MS. of Joinville. A number of letters were scratched out, words erased, and sometimes whole sentences altered or suppressed, a red line being drawn across the words which had to be omitted. It looks, in fact, like a manuscript prepared for the printer. Now, if the same copyist who copied this MS. copied likewise the MS. of Joinville, it follows that he was separated from the original of Joinville by the same interval which separates the corrected MSS. of "La Vie et les Miracles" from their original, or from the beginning of the fourteenth century. This line of argument seems to establish satisfactorily the approximate date of the oldest MS. of Joinville as belonging to the end of the fourteenth century.

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Another MS. was discovered at Lucca. As it had belonged to the Dukes of Guise, great expectations were at one time entertertained of its value. It was bought by the Royal Library at Paris in 1741 for 360 livres, but it was soon proved not to be older than about 1500, representing the language of the time of François I. rather than of St. Louis, but nevertheless preserving occasionally a more ancient spelling than the other MS. which was copied two hundred years before. This MS. bears the arms of the Princess Antoinette de Bourbon and of her husband, Claude de Lorraine, who was "Duc de Guise, Comte d'Aumale, Marquis de Mayence et d'Elbeuf, and Baron de Joinville." Their marriage took place in 1513; he died in 1550, she in 1583.

There is a third MS. which has lately been discovered. It belonged to M. Brissart-Binet of Rheims, became known to M. Paulin Paris, and was lent to M. de Wailly for his new edition of Joinville. It seems to be a copy of the so-called MS. of Lucca, the MS. belonging to the Princess Antoinette de Bourbon, and it is most likely the very copy which that Princess ordered to be made for Louis Lasséré, canon of St. Martin of Tours who published an abridgment of it in 1541. By a most fortunate accident it supplies the passages from page 88 to 112, and from page 126 to 139, which are wanting in the MS. of Lucca.

It must be admitted, therefore, that for an accurate study of the historical growth of the French language, the work of Joinville is of less importance than it would have been if it had been preserved in its original orthography, and with all the grammatical peculiarities which mark the French of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. There may be

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no more than a distance of not quite a hundred years between the original of Joinville and the earliest MS. which we possess. But in those hundred years the French language did not remain stationary. Even as late as the time of Montaigne, when French has assumed a far greater literary steadiness, that writer complains of its constant change. "I wrote my book," he says in a memorable passage ("Essais," liv. 3, c. 9) —

"For few people and for a few years. If it had been a subject that ought to last, it should have been committed to a more stable language (Latin). After the continual variation which has followed our speech to the present day, who can hope that its present form will be used fifty years hence? It glides from our hands every day, and since I have lived it has been half changed. We say that at present it is perfect, but every century says the same of its own. I do not wish to hold it back, if it will fly away and go on deteriorating as it does. It belongs to good and useful writers to nail the language to themselves" (*de le clouer à eux*).

On the other hand, we must guard against forming an exaggerated notion of the changes that could have taken place in the French language within the space of less than a century. They refer chiefly to the spelling of words, to the use of some antiquated words and expressions, and to the less careful observation of the rules by which in ancient French the nominative is distinguished from the oblique cases, both in the singular and the plural. That the changes do not amount to more than this can be proved by a comparison of other documents which clearly preserve the actual language of Joinville. There is a letter of his which is preserved at the Imperial Library at Paris, addressed to Louis X. in 1315. It was first published by Du Cange, afterwards by M. Daunou, in the twen-

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tieth volume of the "Historiens de France," and again by M. de Wailly. There are, likewise, some charters of Joinville, written in his *chancellerie*, and in some cases with additions from his own hand. Lastly, there is Joinville's "Credo," containing his notes on the Apostolic Creed, preserved in a manuscript of the thirteenth century. This was published in the "Collection des Bibliophiles Français," unfortunately printed in twenty-five copies only. The MS. of the "Credo," which formerly belonged to the public library of Paris, disappeared from it about twenty years ago; and it now forms No. 75 of a collection of MSS. bought in 1849 by Lord Ashburnham from M. Barrois. By comparing the language of these thirteenth century documents with that of the earliest MS. of Joinville's History, it is easy to see that although we have lost something, we have not lost very much, and that, at all events, we need not suspect in the earliest MS. any changes that could in any way affect the historical authenticity of Joinville's work.[1]

[1] In his last edition of the text of Joinville, which was published in 1868, M. de Wailly has restored the spelling of Joinville on all these points according to the rules which are observed in Joinville's charters, and in the best MSS. of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The fac-similes of nine of these charters are published at the end of M. de Wailly's *Mémoire sur la Langue de Joinville*; of others an accurate transcript is given. The authentic texts thus collected, in which we can study the French language as it was written at the time of Joinville, amount to nearly one fifth of the text of Joinville's History. To correct, according to these charters, the text of Joinville so systematically as had been done by M. de Wailly in his last edition may seem a bold undertaking; but few who have read attentively his *Mémoire* would deny that the new editor has fully justified his critical principles. Thus with regard to the terminations of the nominative and the oblique cases, where other MSS. of Joinville's History follow no principle whatever, M. de Wailly remarks: "Pour plus de simplicité j'appellerai règle du sujet singulier et règle du sujet pluriel l'usage qui consistait à distinguer, dans beaucoup de mots, le sujet du regime par une modification analogue à celle de la déclinaison latine. Or, j'ai constaté que, dans les chartes de Joinville, la règle du sujet singulier est ob-

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To the historian of the French language, the language of Joinville, even though it gives us only a picture of the French spoken at the time of Charles V. or contemporaneously with Froissart, is still full of interest. That language is separated from the French of the present day by nearly five centuries, and we may be allowed to give a few instances to show the curious changes both of form and meaning which many words have undergone during that interval.

Instead of *sœur*, sister, Joinville still uses *sereur*, which was the right form of the oblique case, but was afterwards replaced by the nominative *suer* or *sœur*. Thus, p. 424 E, we read, *quant nous menames la serour le roy*, i. e. *quand nous menâmes la sœur du roi ;* but p. 466 A, *l'abbaïe que sa suer fonda*, i. e. *l'abbaïe que sa sœur fonda*. Instead of *ange*, angel, he has both *angle* and *angre*, where the *r* stands for the final *l* of *angele*, the more ancient French form of *angelus*. The same transition of final *l* into *r* may be observed in *apôtre* for *apostolus*, *chapitre* for *capitulum*, *chartre* for *cartula*, *esclandre* for *scandalum*. Instead of *vieux*, old, Joinville uses *veil* or *veel* (p. 132 C, *le veil le fil au veil*, i. e. *le vieux fils du vieux*) ; but in the nom. sing., *viex*, which is the Latin *vetulus* (p. 302 A, *li Viex de*

servée huit cent trente-cinq fois, et violée sept fois seulement; encore dois-je dire que cinq de ces violations se rencontrent dans une même charte, celle du mois de mai 1278, qui n'est connue que par une copie faite au siècle dernier. Si l'on fait abstraction de ce texte, il reste deux violations contre huit cent trente-cinq observations de la règle. La règle du sujet pluriel est observée cinq cent quartre-vingt-huit fois, et violée six fois: ce qui donne au total quatorze cent vingt-trois contre treize, en tenant compte même de six fautes commises dans le texte copié au siècle dernier. De ce resultat numérique, il faut évidemment conclure, d'abord, que l'une et l'autre règle étaient parfaitement connues et pratiquées à la chancellerie de Joinville, ensuite qu'on est autorisé à modifier le texte de l'Histoire, partout où ces règles y sont violées. (D'après un calcul approximatif, on peut croire que le copiste du quatorzième siècle a violè ces règles plus de quatre mille fois et qu'il les respectait peut-être une fois sur dix.) "

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la Montaingne, i. e. *le Vieux de la Montagne;* but p. 304 A, *li messaige le Vieil*, i. e. *les messagers du Vieux.*) Instead of *coude*, m., elbow, we find *coute*, which is nearer to the Latin *cubitus*, cubit. The Latin *t* in words like *cubitus* was generally softened in old French, and was afterwards dropped altogether. As in *coude*, the *d* is preserved in *aider* for *adjutare*, in *fade* for *fatuus*. In other words, such as *chaîne* for *catena*, *roue* for *rota*, *épée* for *spatha*, *aimée* for *amata*, it has disappeared altogether. *True* is *voir*, the regular modification of *verum*, like *soir* of *serum*, instead of the modern French *vrai;* e. g., p. 524 B, *et sachiez que voirs estait*, i. e. *et sachez que c'était vrai.* We still find *ester*, to stand ("*Et ne pooit ester sur ses pieds*," "He could not stand on his legs"). At present the French have no single word for "standing," which has often been pointed out as a real defect of the language. "To stand" is *ester*, in Joinville; "to be" is *estre.*

In the grammatical system of the language of Joinville we find the connecting link between the case terminations of the classical Latin and the prepositions and articles of modern French. It is generally supposed that the terminations of the Latin declension were lost in French, and that the relations of the cases were expressed by prepositions, while the *s* as the sign of the plural was explained by the *s* in the nom. plur. of nouns of the third declension. But languages do not thus advance *per saltum.* They change slowly and gradually, and we can generally discover in what is, some traces of what has been.

Now the fact is that in ancient French, and likewise in Provençal, there is still a system of declension more or less independent of prepositions. There are, so to

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say, three declensions in old French, of which the second is the most important and the most interesting. If we take a Latin word like *annus*, we find in old French two forms in the singular, and two in the plural. We find sing. *an-s*, *an*, plur. *an*, *ans*. If *an* occurs in the nom. sing. or as the subject, it is always *ans;* if it occur as a gen., dat., or acc., it is always *an*. In the plural, on the contrary, we find in the nom. *an*, and in all the oblique cases *ans*. The origin of this system is clear enough, and it is extraordinary that attempts should have been made to derive it from German or even from Celtic, when the explanation could be found so much nearer home. The nom. sing. has the *s*, because it was there in Latin; the nom. plur. has no *s*, because there was no *s* there in Latin. The oblique cases in the singular have no *s*, because the accusative in Latin, and likewise the gen., dat., and abl., ended either in vowels, which became mute, or in *m*, which was dropped. The oblique cases in the plural had the *s*, because it was there in the acc. plur., which became the general oblique case, and likewise in the dat. and abl. By means of these fragments of the Latin declension, it was possible to express many things without prepositions which in modern French can no longer be thus expressed. *Le fils Roi* was clearly the son of the King; *il fil Roi*, the sons of the King. Again we find *li roys*, the King, but *au roy*, to the King. Pierre Sarrasin begins his letter on the crusade of St. Louis by *A seigneur Nicolas Arode, Jehan-s Sarrasin, chambrelen-s le roy de France, salut et bonne amour.*

But if we apply the same principle to nouns of the first declension, we shall see at once that they could not

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have lent themselves to the same contrivance. Words like *corona* have no *s* in the nom. sing., nor in any of the oblique cases; it would therefore be in French *corone* throughout. In the plural indeed there might have been a distinction between the nom. and the acc. The nom. ought to have been without an *s*, and the acc. with an *s*. But with the exception of some doubtful passages, where a nom. plur. is supposed to occur in old French documents without an *s*, we find throughout, both in the nom. and the other cases, the *s* of the accusative as the sign of the plural.

Nearly the same applies to certain words of the third declension. Here we find indeed a distinction between the nom. and the oblique cases of the singular, such as *flor-s*, the flower, with *flor*, of the flower; but the plural is *flor-s* throughout. This form is chiefly confined to feminine nouns of the third declension.

There is another very curious contrivance by which the ancient French distinguished the nom. from the acc. sing., and which shows us again how the consciousness of the Latin grammar was by no means entirely lost in the formation of modern French. There are many words in Latin which change their accent in the oblique cases from what it was in the nominative. For instance, *cantátor*, a singer, becomes *cantatórem*, in the accusative. Now in ancient French the nom., corresponding to *cantator*, is *chántere*, but the gen. *chanteór*, and thus again a distinction is established of great importance for grammatical purposes. Most of these words followed the analogy of the second declension, and added an *s* in the nom. sing., dropped it in the nom. plur., and added it again in the oblique cases of the plural. Thus we get —

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	Singular.		Plural.	
	Nom.	Oblique Cases.	Nom.	Oblique Cases.
	chántere	*chanteór*	*chanteór*	*chanteórs*
From *baro, baronis*		*baron*	*baron*	*barons*
(O. Fr. *ber*)				
	latro, latronis	*larron*	*larron*	*larrons*
(O. Fr. *lierre*)				
	senior, senioris	*seignor*	*seignor*	*seignors*
(O. Fr. *sendre*)		(sire)		

Thus we read in the beginning of Joinville's History: —

A son bon signour Looys, Jehans sires de Joinville salut et amour;

and immediately afterwards, *Chiers sire*, not *Chiers seigneur*.

If we compare this old French declension with the grammar of modern French, we find that the accusative or the oblique form has become the only recognized form, both in the singular and plural. Hence —

[Corone]	[Ans]	[Flors]	[Chántere] le chantre.
Corone	An	Flor	Chanteór le chanteur.
[Corones]	[An]	[Flors]	[Chanteór].
Corones	Ans	Flors	Chanteórs.

A few traces only of the old system remain in such words as *fils*, *bras*, *Charles*, *Jacques*, etc.

Not less curious than the changes of form are the changes of meaning which have taken place in the French language since the days of Joinville. Thus, *la viande*, which now only means meat, is used by Joinville in its original and more general sense of *victuals*, the Latin *vivenda*. For instance (p. 248 D), "*Et nous requeismes que en nous donnast la viande*," "And we asked that one might give us something to eat." And soon after, "*Les viandes que il nous donnèrent, ce furent begniet de fourmaiges qui estoient roti au soliel, pour ce que li ver n'i venissent, et oef dur*

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cuit de quatre jours ou de cinc," "And the viands which they gave us were cheese-cakes roasted in the sun, that the worms might not get at them, and hard eggs boiled four or five days ago."

Payer, to pay, is still used in its original sense of pacifying or satisfying, the Latin *pacare*. Thus a priest who has received from his bishop an explanation of some difficulty and other ghostly comfort "*se tint bin pour paié*" (p. 34 C), he "considered himself well satisfied." When the King objected to certain words in the oath which he had to take, Joinville says that he does not know how the oath was finally arranged, but he adds, "*Li amiral se tindrent bien apaié*," "The admirals considered themselves satisfied" (p. 242 C). The same word, however, is likewise used in the usual sense of paying.

Noise, a word which has almost disappeared from modern French, occurs several times in Joinville; and we can watch in different passages the growth of its various meanings. In one passage Joinville relates (p. 198) that one of his knights had been killed, and was lying on a bier in his chapel. While the priest was performing his office, six other knights were talking very loud, and "*Faisoient noise au prestre*," "They annoyed or disturbed the priest; they caused him annoyance." Here *noise* has still the same sense as the Latin *nausea*, from which it is derived. In another passage, however, Joinville uses *noise* as synonymous with *bruit* (p. 152 A), *Vint li roys à toute sa bataille, à grant noyse et à grant bruit de trompes et nacaires*, i. e. *vint le roi avec tout son corps de bataille, à grand cris et à grand bruit de trompettes et de timbales*. Here *noise* may still mean an annoying noise, but we can see the easy transition from that to noise in general.

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Another English word, "to purchase," finds its explanation in Joinville. Originally *pourchasser* meant to hunt after a thing, to pursue it. Joinville frequently uses the expression "*par son pourchas*" (p. 458 E) in the sense of "by his endeavors." When the King had reconciled two adversaries, peace is said to have been made *par son pourchas*. "*Pourchasser*" afterwards took the sense of "procuring," "catering," and lastly, in English, of "buying."

To return to Joinville's History, the scarcity of MSS. is very instructive from an historical point of view. As far as we know at present, his great work existed for centuries in two copies only, one preserved in his own castle, the other in the library of the Kings of France. We can hardly say that it was published, even in the restricted sense which that word had during the fourteenth century, and there certainly is no evidence that it was read by any one except by members of the royal family of France, and possibly by descendants of Joinville. It exercised no influence; and if two or three copies had not luckily escaped (one of them, it must be confessed, clearly showing the traces of mice's teeth), we should have known very little indeed either of the military or of the literary achievements of one who is now ranked among the chief historians of France, or even of Europe. After Joinville's History had once emerged from its obscurity, it soon became the fashion to praise it, and to praise it somewhat indiscriminately. Joinville became a general favorite both in and out of France; and after all had been said in his praise that might be truly and properly said, each successive admirer tried to add a little more, till at last, as a matter of course, he was compared to Thucydides, and lauded for the graces of

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his style, the vigor of his language, the subtlety of his mind, and his worship of the harmonious and the beautiful, in such a manner that the old bluff soldier would have been highly perplexed and disgusted, could he have listened to the praises of his admirers. Well might M. Paulin Paris say, "I shall not stop to praise what everybody has praised before me; to recall the graceful *naïveté* of the good Sénéchal, would it not be, as the English poet said, 'to gild the gold and paint the lily white?'"

It is surprising to find in the large crowd of indiscriminate admirers a man so accurate in his thoughts and in his words as the late Sir James Stephen. Considering how little Joinville's History was noticed by his contemporaries, how little it was read by the people before it was printed during the reign of François I., it must seem more than doubtful whether Joinville really deserved a place in a series of lectures, "On the Power of the Pen in France." But, waiving that point, is it quite exact to say, as Sir James Stephen does, "that three writers only retain, and probably they alone deserve, at this day the admiration which greeted them in their own, — I refer to Joinville, Froissart, and to Philippe de Comines?" And is the following a sober and correct description of Joinville's style? —

"Over the whole picture the genial spirit of France glows with all the natural warmth which we seek in vain among the dry bones of earlier chroniclers. Without the use of any didactic forms of speech, Joinville teaches the highest of all wisdom — the wisdom of love. Without the pedantry of the schools, he occasionally exhibits an eager thirst of knowledge, and a graceful facility of imparting it, which attest that he is of the lineage of the great father of history, and of those modern historians who have taken Herodotus for their model." (Vol. ii. pp. 209, 219.)

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Now, all this sounds to our ears just an octave too high. There is some truth in it, but the truth is spoilt by being exaggerated. Joinville's book is very pleasant to read, because he gives himself no airs, and tells us as well as he can what he recollects of his excellent King, and of the fearful time which they spent together during the crusade. He writes very much as an old soldier would speak. He seems to know that people will listen to him with respect, and that they will believe what he tells them. He does not weary them with arguments. He rather likes now and then to evoke a smile, and he maintains the glow of attention by thinking more of his hearers than of himself. He had evidently told his stories many times before he finally dictated them in the form in which we read them, and this is what gives to some of them a certain finish and the appearance of art. Yet, if we speak of style at all, — not of the style of thought, but of the style of language, — the blemishes in Joinville's History are so apparent that one feels reluctant to point them out. He repeats his words, he repeats his remarks, he drops the thread of his story, begins a new subject, leaves it because, as he says himself, it would carry him too far, and then, after a time, returns to it again. His descriptions of the scenery where the camp was pitched, and the battles fought, are neither sufficiently broad nor sufficiently distinct to give the reader that view of the whole which he receives from such writers as Cæsar, Thiers, Carlyle, or Russell. Nor is there any attempt at describing or analyzing the character of the principal actors in the crusade of St. Louis, beyond relating some of their remarks or occasional conversations. It is an ungrateful task to draw up these indictments against a man whom one

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probably admires much more sincerely than those who bespatter him with undeserved praise. Joinville's book is readable, and it is readable even in spite of the antiquated and sometimes difficult language in which it is written. There are few books of which we could say the same. What makes his book readable is partly the interest attaching to the subject of which it treats, but far more the simple, natural, straightforward way in which Joinville tells what he has to tell. From one point of view it may be truly said that no higher praise could be bestowed on any style than to say that it is simple, natural, straightforward, and charming. But if his indiscriminate admirers had appreciated this artless art, they would not have applied to the pleasant gossip of an old general epithets that are appropriate only to the masterpieces of classical literature.

It is important to bear in mind what suggested to Joinville the first idea of writing his book. He was asked to do so by the Queen of Philip le Bel. After the death of the Queen, however, Joinville did not dedicate his work to the King, but to his son, who was then the heir apparent. This may be explained by the fact that he himself was Sénéchal de Champagne, and Louis, the son of Philip le Bel, Comte de Champagne. But it admits of another and more probable explanation. Joinville was dissatisfied with the proceedings of Philip le Bel, and from the very beginning of his reign he opposed his encroachments on the privileges of the nobility and the liberties of the people. He was punished for his opposition, and excluded from the assemblies in Champagne in 1287; and though his name appeared again on the roll in 1291, Joinville then occupied only the sixth instead of the first place. In

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1314 matters came to a crisis in Champagne, and Joinville called together the nobility in order to declare openly against the King. The opportune death of Philip alone prevented the breaking out of a rebellion. It is true that there are no direct allusions to these matters in the body of Joinville's book, yet an impression is left on the reader that he wrote some portion of the Life of St. Louis as a lesson to the young prince to whom it is dedicated. Once or twice, indeed, he uses language which sounds ominous, and which would hardly be tolerated in France, even after the lapse of five centuries. When speaking of the great honor which St. Louis conferred on his family, he says "that it was, indeed, a great honor to those of his descendants who would follow his example by good works, but a great dishonor to those who would do evil. For people would point at them with their fingers, and would say that the sainted King from whom they descended would have despised such wickedness." There is another passage even stronger than this. After relating how St. Louis escaped from many dangers by the grace of God, he suddenly exclaims, "Let the King who now reigns (Philip le Bel) take care, for he has escaped from as great dangers — nay, from greater ones — than we; let him see whether he cannot amend his evil ways, so that God may not strike him and his affairs cruelly."

This surely is strong language, considering that it was used in a book dedicated to the son of the then reigning King. To the father of Philip le Bel, Joinville seems to have spoken with the same frankness as to his son; and he tells us himself how he reproved the King, Philip le Hardi, for his extravagant dress, and admonished him to follow the example of his

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father. Similar remarks occur again and again; and though the Life of St. Louis was certainly not written merely for didactic purposes, yet one cannot help seeing that it was written with a practical object. In the introduction Joinville says, "I send the book to you, that you and your brother and others who hear it may take an example, and that they may carry it out in their life, for which God will bless them." And again (p. 268), "These things shall I cause to be written, that those who hear them may have faith in God in their persecutions and tribulations, and God will help them, as He did me." Again (p. 380), "These things I have told you, that you may guard against taking an oath without reason, for, as the wise say, 'He who swears readily, forswears himself readily.'"

It seems, therefore, that when Joinville took to dictating his recollections of St. Louis, he did so partly to redeem a promise given to the Queen, who, he says, loved him much, and whom he could not refuse, partly to place in the hands of the young princes a book full of historical lessons which they might read, mark, and inwardly digest.

And well might he do so, and well might his book be read by all young princes, and by all who are able to learn a lesson from the pages of history; for few kings, if any, did ever wear their crowns so worthily as Louis IX. of France; and few saints, if any, did deserve their halo better than St. Louis. Here lies the deep and lasting interest of Joinville's work. It allows us an insight into a life which we could hardly realize, nay, which we should hardly believe in, unless we had the testimony of that trusty witness, Joinville, the King's friend and comrade. The legendary lives of St. Louis would have destroyed in the eyes of

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posterity the real greatness and the real sanctity of the King's character. We should never have known the man, but only his saintly caricature. After reading Joinville, we must make up our mind that such a life as he there describes was really lived, and was lived in those very palaces which we are accustomed to consider as the sinks of wickedness and vice. From other descriptions we might have imagined Louis IX. as a bigoted, priest-ridden, credulous King. From Joinville we learn that, though unwavering in his faith, and most strict in the observance of his religious duties, the King was by no means narrow in his sympathies, or partial to the encroachments of priestcraft. We find Joinville speaking to the King on subjects of religion with the greatest freedom, and as no courtier would have dared to speak during the later years of Louis XIV.'s reign. When the King asked him whether in the holy week he ever washed the feet of the poor, Joinville replied that he would never wash the feet of such villains. For this remark he was, no doubt, reproved by the King, who, as we are told by Beaulieu, with the most unpleasant details, washed the feet of the poor every Saturday. But the reply, though somewhat irreverent, is, nevertheless, highly creditable to the courtier's frankness. Another time he shocked his royal friend still more by telling him, in the presence of several priests, that he would rather have committed thirty mortal sins than be a leper. The King said nothing at the time, but he sent for him the next day, and reproved him in the most gentle manner for his thoughtless speech.

Joinville, too, with all the respect which he entertained for his King, would never hesitate to speak his mind when he thought that the King was in the

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wrong. On one occasion the Abbot of Cluny presented the King with two horses, worth five hundred *livres*. The next day the Abbot came again to the King to discuss some matters of business. Joinville observed that the King listened to him with marked attention. After the Abbot was gone, he went to the King, and said, "'Sire, may I ask you whether you listened to the Abbot more cheerfully because he presented you yesterday with two horses?' The King meditated for a time, and then said to me, 'Truly, yes.' 'Sire,' said I, 'do you know why I asked you this question?' 'Why?' said he. 'Because, Sire,' I said, 'I advise you, when you return to France, to prohibit all sworn counselors from accepting anything from those who have to bring their affairs before them. For you may be certain, if they accept anything, they will listen more cheerfully and attentively to those who give, as you did yourself with the Abbot of Cluny.'"

Surely a king who could listen to such language is not likely to have had his court filled with hypocrites, whether lay or clerical. The bishops, though they might count on the King for any help he could give them in the great work of teaching, raising, and comforting the people, tried in vain to make him commit an injustice in defense of what they considered religion. One day a numerous deputation of prelates asked for an interview. It was readily granted. When they appeared before the King, their spokesman said, "Sire, these lords who are here, archbishops and bishops, have asked me to tell you that Christianity is perishing at your hands." The King signed himself with the cross, and said, "Tell me how can that be?" "Sire," he said, "it is because people care so little

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nowadays for excommunication that they would rather die excommunicated than have themselves absolved and give satisfaction to the Church. Now, we pray you, Sire, for the sake of God, and because it is your duty, that you command your provosts and bailiffs that by seizing the goods of those who allow themselves to be excommunicated for the space of one year, they may force them to come and be absolved." Then the King replied that he would do this willingly with all those of whom it could be *proved* that they were in the wrong (which would, in fact, have given the King jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters). The bishops said that they could not do this at any price; they would never bring their causes before his court. Then the King said he could not do it otherwise, for it would be against God and against reason. He reminded them of the case of the Comte de Bretagne, who had been excommunicated by the prelates of Brittany for the space of seven years, and who, when he appealed to the Pope, gained his cause, while the prelates were condemned. "Now then," the King said, "if I had forced the Comte de Bretagne to get absolution from the prelates after the first year, should I not have sinned against God and against him?"

This is not the language of a bigoted man; and if we find in the life of St. Louis traces of what in our age we might feel inclined to call bigotry or credulity, we must consider that the religious and intellectual atmosphere of the reign of St. Louis was very different from our own. There are, no doubt, some of the sayings and doings recorded by Joinville of his beloved King which at present would be unanimously condemned even by the most orthodox and narrow-minded. Think of an assembly of theologians in the monastery

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of Cluny who had invited a distinguished rabbi to discuss certain points of Christian doctrine with them. A knight, who happened to be staying with the abbot, asked for leave to open the discussion, and he addressed the Jew in the following words: "Do you believe that the Virgin Mary was a virgin and Mother of God?" When the Jew replied, "No!" the knight took his crutch and felled the poor Jew to the ground. The King, who relates this to Joinville, draws one very wise lesson from, it — namely, that no one who is not a very good theologian should enter upon a controversy with Jews on such subjects. But when he goes on to say that a layman who hears the Christian religion evil spoken of should take to the sword as the right weapon of defense, and run it into the miscreant's body as far as it would go, we perceive at once that we are in the thirteenth and not in the nineteenth century. The punishments which the King inflicted for swearing were most cruel. At Cesarea, Joinville tells us that he saw a goldsmith fastened to a ladder, with the entrails of a pig twisted round his neck right up to his nose, because he had used irreverent language. Nay, after his return from the Holy Land, he heard that the King ordered a man's nose and lower lip to be burnt for the same offense. The Pope himself had to interfere to prevent St. Louis from inflicting on blasphemers mutilation and death. "I would myself be branded with a hot iron," the King said, "if thus I could drive away all swearing from my kingdom." He himself, as Joinville assures us, never used an oath, nor did he pronounce the name of the Devil except when reading the lives of the saints. His soul, we cannot doubt, was grieved when he heard the names which to him were the most sa-

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cred, employed for profane purposes; and this feeling of indignation was shared by his honest chronicler. "In my castle," says Joinville, "whosoever uses bad language receives a good pommeling, and this has nearly put down that bad habit." Here again we see the upright character of Joinville. He does not, like most courtiers, try to outbid his sovereign in pious indignation; on the contrary, while sharing his feelings, he gently reproves the King for his excessive zeal and cruelty, and this after the King had been raised to the exalted position of a saint.

To doubt of any points of the Christian doctrine was considered at Joinville's time, as it is even now, as a temptation of the Devil. But here again we see at the court of St. Louis a wonderful mixture of tolerance and intolerance. Joinville, who evidently spoke his mind freely on all things, received frequent reproofs and lessons from the King; and we hardly know which to wonder at most, the weakness of the arguments, or the gentle and truly Christian spirit in which the King used them. The King once asked Joinville how he knew that his father's name was Symon. Joinville replied he knew it because his mother had told him so. "Then," the King said, "you ought likewise firmly to believe all the articles of faith which the Apostles attest, as you hear them sung every Sunday in the Creed." The use of such an argument by such a man leaves an impression on the mind that the King himself was not free from religious doubts and difficulties, and that his faith was built upon ground which was apt to shake. And this impression is confirmed by a conversation which immediately follows after this argument. It is long, but it is far too important to be here omitted. The Bishop of Paris had

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told the King, probably in order to comfort him after receiving from him the confession of some of his own religious difficulties, that one day he received a visit from a great master in divinity. The master threw himself at the Bishop's feet and cried bitterly. The Bishop said to him, —

"'Master, do not despair; no one can sin so much that God could not forgive him.'

"The master said, 'I cannot help crying, for I believe I am a miscreant; for I cannot bring my heart to believe the sacrament of the altar, as the holy Church teaches it, and I know full well that it is the temptation of the enemy.'

"'Master,' replied the Bishop, 'tell me, when the enemy sends you this temptation, does it please you?'

"And the master said, 'Sir, it pains me as much as anything can pain.'

"'Then I ask you,' the Bishop continued, 'would you take gold or silver in order to avow with your mouth anything that is against the sacrament of the altar, or against the other sacred sacraments of the Church?'

"And the master said, 'Know, sir, that there is nothing in the world that I should take; I would rather that all my limbs were torn from my body than openly avow this.'

"'Then,' said the Bishop, 'I shall tell you something else. You know that the King of France made war against the King of England, and you know that the castle which is nearest to the frontier is La Rochelle, in Poitou. Now, I shall ask you, if the King had trusted you to defend La Rochelle, and he had trusted me to defend the Castle of Laon, which is in the heart of France, where the country is at peace, to

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whom ought the King to be more beholden at the end of the war, — to you who had defended La Rochelle without losing it, or to me who kept the Castle of Laon?'

"'In the name of God,' said the master, 'to me who had kept La Rochelle with losing it.'

"'Master,' said the Bishop, 'I tell you that my heart is like the Castle of Laon (Montleheri), for I feel no temptation and no doubt as to the sacrament of the altar; therefore, I tell you, if God gives me one reward because I believe firmly and in peace, He will give you four, because you keep your heart for Him in this fight of tribulation, and have such good-will toward Him that for no earthly good, nor for any pain inflicted on your body, you would forsake Him. Therefore, I say to you, be at ease; your state is more pleasing to our Lord than my own.'"

When the master had heard this, he fell on his knees before the Bishop, and felt again at peace.

Surely, if the cruel punishment inflicted by St. Louis on blasphemers is behind our age, is not the love, the humility, the truthfulness of this Bishop, — is not the spirit in which he acted toward the priest, and the spirit in which he related this conversation to the King, somewhat in advance of the century in which we live?

If we only dwell on certain passages of Joinville's memoirs, it is easy to say that he and his King, and the whole age in which they moved, were credulous, engrossed by the mere formalities of religion, and fanatical in their enterprise to recover Jerusalem and the Holy Land. But let us candidly enter into their view of life, and many things which at first seem strange and startling will become intelligible. Joinville does not relate many miracles; and such is his good faith

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that we may implicitly believe the facts, such as he states them, however we may differ as to the interpretation by which, to Joinville's mind, these facts assumed a miraculous character. On their way to the Holy Land it seems that their ship was windbound for several days, and that they were in danger of being taken prisoners by the pirates of Barbary. Joinville recollected the saying of a priest who had told him that, whatever had happened in his parish, whether too much rain or too little rain, or anything else, if he made three processions for three successive Saturdays, his prayer was always heard. Joinville, therefore, recommended the same remedy. Seasick as he was, he was carried on deck, and the procession was formed round the two masts of the ship. As soon as this was done, the wind rose, and the ship arrived at Cyprus the third Saturday. The same remedy was resorted to a second time, and with equal effect. The King was waiting at Damietta for his brother, the Comte de Poitiers, and his army, and was very uneasy about the delay in his arrival. Joinville told the legate of the miracle that had happened on their voyage to Cyprus. The legate consented to have three processions on three successive Saturdays, and on the third Saturday the Comte de Poitiers and his fleet arrived before Damietta. One more instance may suffice. On their return to France a sailor fell overboard, and was left in the water. Joinville, whose ship was close by, saw something in the water; but, as he observed no struggle, he imagined it was a cask. The man, however, was picked up; and when asked why he did not exert himself, he replied that he saw no necessity for it. As soon as he fell into the water he commended himself to *Nostre Dame*, and she supported him by his shoul-

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ders till he was picked up by the King's galley. . Joinville had a window painted in his chapel to commemorate this miracle; and there, no doubt, the Virgin would be represented as supporting the sailor exactly as he described it.

Now, it must be admitted that before the tribunal of the ordinary philosophy of the nineteenth century, these miracles would be put down either as inventions or as exaggerations. But let us examine the thoughts and the language of that age, and we shall take a more charitable, and, we believe, a more correct view. Men like Joinville did not distinguish between a general and a special providence, and few who have carefully examined the true import of words would blame him for that. Whatever happened to him and his friends, the smallest as well as the greatest events were taken alike as so many communications from God to man. Nothing could happen to any one of them unless God willed it. "God wills it," they exclaimed, and put the cross on their breasts, and left house and home, and wife and children, to fight the infidels in the Holy Land. The King was ill and on the point of death, when he made a vow that if he recovered, he would undertake a crusade. In spite of the dangers which threatened him and his country, where every vassal was a rival, in spite of the despair of his excellent mother, the King fulfilled his vow, and risked not only his crown, but his life, without a complaint and without a regret. It may be that the prospect of Eastern booty, or even of an Eastern throne, had some part in exciting the pious zeal of the French chivalry. Yet if we read of Joinville, who was then a young and gay nobleman of twenty-four, with a young wife and a beautiful castle in Champagne, giving up everything,

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confessing his sins, making reparation, performing pilgrimages, and then starting for the East, there to endure for five years the most horrible hardships; when we read of his sailors singing a *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, before they hoisted their sails; when we see how every day, in the midst of pestilence and battle, the King and his Sénéchal and his knights say their prayers and perform their religious duties; how in every danger they commend themselves to God or to their saints; how for every blessing, for every escape from danger, they return thanks to Heaven, — we easily learn to understand how natural it was that such men should see miracles in every blessing vouchsafed to them, whether great or small, just as the Jews of old, in that sense the true people of God, saw miracles, saw the finger of God in every plague that visited their camp, and in every spring of water that saved them from destruction. When the Egyptians were throwing the Greek fire into the camp of the Crusaders, St. Louis raised himself in his bed at the report of every discharge of those murderous missiles, and, stretching forth his hands towards heaven, he said, crying, "Good Lord God, protect my people." Joinville, after relating this, remarks, "And I believe truly that his prayers served us well in our need." And was he not right in this belief, as right as the Israelites were when they saw Moses lifting up his heavy arms, and they prevailed against Amalek? Surely this belief was put to a hard test when a fearful plague broke out in the camp, when nearly the whole French army was massacred, when the King was taken prisoner, when the Queen, in childbed, had to make her old chamberlain swear that he would kill her at the first approach of the enemy, when the small remnant of that

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mighty French army had to purchase its return to France by a heavy ransom. Yet nothing could shake Joinville's faith in the ever-ready help of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of the saints. "Be certain," he writes, "that the Virgin helped us, and she would have helped us more if we had not offended her, her and her Son, as I said before." Surely, with such faith, credulity ceases to be credulity. Where there is credulity without that living faith which sees the hand of God in everything, man's indignation is rightly roused. That credulity leads to self-conceit, hypocrisy, and unbelief. But such was not the credulity of Joinville or of his King, or of the Bishop who comforted the great master in theology. A modern historian would not call the rescue of the drowning sailor, nor the favorable wind which brought the Crusaders to Cyprus, nor the opportune arrival of the Comte de Poitiers miracles, because the word "miracle" has a different sense with us from what it had during the Middle Ages, from what it had at the time of the Apostles, and from what it had at the time of Moses. Yet to the drowning sailor his rescue was miraculous; to the despairing King the arrival of his brother was a god-send; and to Joinville and his crew, who were in imminent danger of being carried off as slaves by Moorish pirates, the wind that brought them safe to Cyprus was more than a fortunate accident. Our language differs from the language of Joinville, yet in our heart of hearts we mean the same thing.

And nothing shows better the reality and healthiness of the religion of those brave knights than their cheerful and open countenance, their thorough enjoyment of all the good things of this life, their freedom in thought and speech. You never catch Joinville

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canting, or with an expression of blank solemnity. When his ship was surrounded by the galleys of the Sultan, and when they held a council as to whether they should surrender themselves to the Sultan's fleet or to his army on shore, one of his servants objected to all surrender. "Let us all be killed," he said to Joinville, "and then we shall all go straight to Paradise." His advice, however, was not followed, because, as Joinville says, "we did not believe it."

If we bear in mind that Joinville's History was written after Louis has been raised to the rank of a saint, his way of speaking of the King, though always respectful, strikes us, nevertheless, as it must have struck his contemporaries, as sometimes very plain and familiar. It is well known that an attempt was actually made by the notorious Jesuit, le Père Hardouin, to prove Joinville's work as spurious, or, at all events, as full of interpolations, inserted by the enemies of the Church. It was an attempt which thoroughly failed, and which was too dangerous to be repeated; but, on reading Joinville after reading the life and miracles of St. Louis, one can easily understand that the soldier's account of the brave King was not quite palatable or welcome to the authors of the legends of the royal saint. At the time when the King's bones had begun to work wretched miracles, the following story could hardly have sounded respectful: "When the King was at Acre," Joinville writes, "some pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem wished to see him. Joinville went to the King, and said, 'Sire, there is a crowd of people who have asked me to show them the royal saint, though *I* have no wish as yet to kiss your bones.' The King laughed loud, and asked me to bring the people."

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In the thick of the battle, in which Joinville received five wounds and his horse fifteen, and when death seemed almost certain, Joinville tells us that the good Count of Soissons rode up to him and chaffed him, saying, "Let those dogs loose, for, *par la quoife Dieu*," — as he always used to swear, — "we shall still talk of this day in the rooms of our ladies."

The Crusades and the Crusaders, though they are only five or six centuries removed from us, have assumed a kind of romantic character, which makes it very difficult even for the historian to feel towards them the same human interest which we feel for Cæsar or Pericles. Works like that of Joinville are most useful in dispelling that mist which the chroniclers of old and the romances of Walter Scott and others have raised round the heroes of these holy wars. St. Louis and his companions, as described by Joinville, not only in their glistening armor, but in their every-day attire, are brought nearer to us, become intelligible to us, and teach us lessons of humanity which we can learn from men only, and not from saints and heroes. Here lies the real value of real history. It makes us familiar with the thoughts of men who differ from us in manners and language, in thought and religion, and yet with whom we are able to sympathize, and from whom we are able to learn. It widens our minds and our hearts, and gives us that true knowledge of the world and of human nature in all its phases which but few can gain in the short span of their own life, and in the narrow sphere of their friends and enemies. We can hardly imagine a better book for boys to read or for men to ponder over; and we hope that M. de Wailly's laudable efforts may be crowned with complete success, and that, whether in France or in Eng-

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land, no student of history will in future imagine that he knows the true spirit of the Crusades and the Crusaders who has not read once, and more than once, the original Memoirs of Joinville, as edited, translated, and explained by the eminent Keeper of the Imperial Library at Paris, M. Natalis de Wailly.

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VIII.

THE JOURNAL DES SAVANTS AND THE JOURNAL DE TRÉVOUX.[1]

FOR a hundred persons who, in this country, read the "Revue des Deux Mondes," how many are there who read the "Journal des Savants?" In France the authority of that journal is indeed supreme; but its very title frightens the general public, and its blue cover is but seldom seen on the tables of the *salles de lecture*. And yet there is no French periodical so well suited to the tastes of the better class of readers in England. Its contributors are all members of the Institut de France; and, if we may measure the value of a periodical by the honor which it reflects on those who form its staff, no journal in France can vie with the "Journal des Savants." At the present moment we find on its roll such names as Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Mignet, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Naudet, Prosper Mérimé, Littré, Vitet — names which, if now and then seen on the covers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the "Revue Contemporaine," or the "Revue Moderne," confer an exceptional lustre on these fortnightly or monthly issues. The articles which are

[1] *Table Méthodique des Mémoires de Trévoux* (1701-1775), précédée d'une Notice Historique. Par le Père P. C. Sommervogel, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 3 vols. Paris, 1864-65.

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admitted into this select periodical may be deficient now and then in those outward charms of diction by which French readers like to be dazzled; but what in France is called *trop savant, trop lourd*, is frequently far more palatable than the highly spiced articles which are no doubt delightful to read, but which, like an excellent French dinner, make you almost doubt whether you have dined or not. If English journalists are bent on taking for their models the fortnightly or monthly contemporaries of France, the "Journal des Savants" might offer a much better chance of success than the more popular *revues*. We should be sorry indeed to see any periodical published under the superintendence of the "Ministre de l'Instruction Publique," or of any other member of the Cabinet; but, apart from that, a literary tribunal like that formed by the members of the "Bureau du Journal des Savants" would certainly be a great benefit to literary criticism. The general tone that runs through their articles is impartial and dignified. Each writer seems to feel the responsibility which attaches to the bench from which he addresses the public, and we can of late years recall hardly any case where the dictum of "noblesse oblige" has been disregarded in this the most ancient among the purely literary journals of Europe.

The first number of the "Journal des Savants" was published more than two hundred years ago, on the 5th of January, 1655. It was the first small beginning in a branch of literature which has since assumed immense proportions. Voltaire speaks of it as "le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre, dont l'Europe est aujourd'hui remplie." It was published at first once a week, every Monday; and the responsible editor was M. de Sallo, who, in order to avoid the

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retaliations of sensitive authors, adopted the name of Le Sieur de Hedouville, the name, it is said, of his *valet de chambre*. The articles were short, and in many cases they only gave a description of the books, without any critical remarks. The Journal likewise gave an account of important discoveries in science and art, and of other events that might seem of interest to men of letters. Its success must have been considerable, if we may judge by the number of rival publications which soon sprang up in France and in other countries of Europe. In England, a philosophical journal on the same plan was started before the year was over. In Germany, the "Journal des Savants" was translated into Latin by F. Nitzschius in 1668, and before the end of the seventeenth century the "Giornale de' Letterati" (1668), the "Bibliotheca Volante" (1677), the "Acta Eruditorum" (1682), the "Nouvelles de la République des Lettres" (1684), the "Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique" (1686), the "Histoire des Ouvrages des Savants" (1687), and the "Monatliche Unterredungen" (1689), had been launched in the principal countries of Europe. In the next century it was remarked of the journals published in Germany, "Plura dixeris pullulasse brevi tempore quam fungi nascuntur unâ nocte."

Most of these journals were published by laymen, and represented the purely intellectual interests of society. It was but natural, therefore, that the clergy also should soon have endeavored to possess a journal of their own. The Jesuits, who at that time were the most active and influential order, were not slow to appreciate this new opportunity for directing public opinion, and they founded in 1701 their famous journal, the "Mémoires de Trévoux." Famous indeed it

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might once be called, and yet at present how little is known of that collection! how seldom are its volumes called for in our public libraries! It was for a long time the rival of the "Journal des Savants." Under the editorship of Le Père Berthier it fought bravely against Diderot, Voltaire, and other heralds of the French Revolution. It weathered even the fatal year of 1762, but, after changing its name, and moderating its pretensions, it ceased to appear in 1782. The long rows of its volumes are now piled up in our libraries likes rows of tombstones, which we pass by without even stopping to examine the names and titles of those who are buried in these vast catacombs of thought.

It was a happy idea that led the Père P. C. Sommervogel, himself a member of the order of the Jesuits, to examine the dusty volumes of the "Journal de Trévoux," and to do for it the only thing that could be done to make it useful once more, at least to a certain degree, namely, to prepare a general index of the numerous subjects treated in its volumes, on the model of the great index, published in 1753, of the "Journal des Savants." His work, published at Paris in 1865, consists of three volumes. The first gives an index of the original dissertations; the second and third, of the works criticised in the "Journal de Trévoux." It is a work of much smaller pretensions than the index to the "Journal des Savants;" yet, such as it is, it is useful, and will amply suffice for the purposes of those few readers who have from time to time to consult the literary annals of the Jesuits in France.

The title of the "Mémoires de Trévoux" was taken from the town of Trévoux, the capital of the principality of Dombes, which Louis XIV. had conferred on the Duc de Maine, with all the privileges of a sov-

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ereigu. Like Louis XIV., the young prince gloried in the title of a patron of art and science, but, as the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, he devoted himself even more zealously to the defense of religion. A printing-office was founded at Trévoux, and the Jesuits were invited to publish a new journal, "où l'on eût principalement en vûë la défense de la religion." This was the "Journal de Trévoux," published for the first time in February, 1701, under the title of "Mémoires pour l'Histoire des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, recueillis par l'ordre de Son Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur Prince Souverain de Dombes." It was entirely and professedly in the hands of the Jesuits, and we find among its earliest contributors such names as Catrou, Tournemine, and Hardouin. The opportunities for collecting literary and other intelligence enjoyed by the members of that order were extraordinary. We doubt whether any paper, even in our days, has so many intelligent correspondents in every part of the world. If any astronomical observation was to be made in China or America, a Jesuit missionary was generally on the spot to make it. If geographical information was wanted, eye-witnesses could write from India or Africa to state what was the exact height of mountains or the real direction of rivers. The architectural monuments of the great nations of antiquity could easily be explored and described, and the literary treasures of India or China or Persia could be ransacked by men ready for any work that required devotion and perseverance, and that promised to throw additional splendor on the order of Loyola. No missionary society has ever understood how to utilize its resources in the interest of science like the Jesuits; and if our own missionaries may on many points take

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warning from the history of the Jesuits, on that one point at least they might do well to imitate their example.

Scientific interests, however, were by no means the chief motive of the Jesuits in founding their journal, and the controversial character began soon to preponderate in their articles. Protestant writers received but little mercy in the pages of the "Journal de Trévoux," and the battle was soon raging in every country of Europe between the flying batteries of the Jesuits and the strongholds of Jansenism, of Protestantism, or of liberal thought in general. Le Clerc was attacked for his "Harmonia Evangelica;" Boileau even was censured for his "Epître sur l'Amour de Dieu." But the old lion was too much for his reverend satirists. The following is a specimen of his reply: —

"Mes Révérends Pères en Dieu,
Et mes confrères en Satire,
Dans vos Escrits dans plus d'un lieu
Je voy qu'à mes dépens vous affectés de rire;
Mais ne craignés-vous point, que pour rire de Vous,
Relisant Juvénal, refeuilletant Horace,
Je ne ranime encor ma satirique audace?
Grands Aristarques de Trévoux,
N'allés point de nouveau faire courir aux armes,
Un athlète tout prest à prendre son congé,
Qui par vos traits malins au combat rengagé
Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des larmes.
Apprenés un mot de Régnier,
Notre célèbre Devancier,
Corsaires attaquant Corsaires
No font pas, dit-il, *leurs affaires.*"

Even stronger language than this became soon the fashion in journalistic warfare. In reply to an attack on the Marquis Orsi, the "Giornale de' Letterati d'Italia" accused the "Journal de Trévoux" of *menzogna* and *impostura*, and in Germany the "Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensium" poured out even more vio-

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lent invectives against the Jesuitical critics. It is wonderful how well Latin seems to lend itself to the expression of angry abuse. Few modern writers have excelled the following tirade, either in Latin or in German: —

"Quæ mentis stupiditas! At si qua est, Jesuitarum est. . . . Res est intoleranda, Trevoltianos Jesuitas, toties contusos, iniquissimum in suis diariis tribunal erexisse, in eoque non ratione duce, sed animi impotentia, non æquitatis legibus, sed præjudiciis, non veritatis lance, sed affectus aut odi pondere, optimis exquisitissimisque operibus detrahere, pessima ad cœlum usque laudibus efferre: ignaris auctoribus, modo secum sentiant, aut sibi faveant, ubique blandiri, doctissimos sibi non plane pleneque deditos plus quam canino dente mordere."

What has been said of other journals was said of the "Journal de Trévoux:" —

"Les auteurs de ce journal, qui a son mérite, sont constants à louer tous les ouvrages de ceux qu'ils affectionnent, et pour éviter une froide monotonie, ils exercent quelquefois la critique sur les écrivans à qui rien ne les oblige de faire grâce."

It took some time before authors became at all reconciled to these new tribunals of literary justice. Even a writer like Voltaire, who braved public opinion more than anybody, looked upon journals, and the influence which they soon gained in France and abroad, as a great evil. "Rien n'a plus nui à la littérature," he writes, "plus répandu le mauvais goût, et plus confondu le vrai avec le faux." Before the establishment of literary journals, a learned writer had indeed little to fear. For a few years, at all events, he was allowed to enjoy the reputation of having published a book; and this by itself was considered a great distinction by the world at large. Perhaps his book was never noticed at all, or, if it was, it was only criticised in one of those elaborate letters which the learned men of the

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sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to write to each other, which might be forwarded indeed to one or two other professors, but which never influenced public opinion. Only in extreme cases a book would be answered by another book, but this would necessarily require a long time; nor would it at all follow that those who had read and admired the original work would have an opportunity of consulting the volume that contained its refutation. This happy state of things came to an end after the year 1655. Since the invention of printing, no more important event had happened in the republic of letters than the introduction of a periodical literature. It was a complete revolution, differing from other revolutions only by the quickness with which the new power was recognized even by its fiercest opponents.

The power of journalism, however, soon found its proper level, and the history of its rise and progress, which has still to be written, teaches the same lesson as the history of political powers. Journals which defended private interests, or the interests of parties, whether religious, political, or literary, never gained that influence which was freely conceded to those who were willing to serve the public at large in pointing out real merit wherever it could be found, and in unmasking pretenders, to whatever rank they might belong. The once all-powerful organ of the Jesuits, the "Journal de Trèvoux," has long ceased to exist, and even to be remembered; the "Journal des Savants" still holds, after more than two hundred years, that eminent position which was claimed for it by its founder, as the independent advocate of justice and truth.

1866.

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IX.

CHASOT.[1]

HISTORY is generally written *en face*. It reminds us occasionally of certain royal family pictures, where the centre is occupied by the king and queen, while their children are ranged on each side like organ-pipes, and the courtiers and ministers are grouped behind, according to their respective ranks. All the figures seem to stare at some imaginary spectator, who would require at least a hundred eyes to take in the whole of the assemblage. This place of the imaginary spectator falls generally to the lot of the historian, and of those who read great historical works; and perhaps this is inevitable. But it is refreshing for once to change this unsatisfactory position, and, instead of always looking straight in the faces of kings, and queens, and generals, and ministers, to catch, by a side-glance, a view of the times, as they appeared to men occupying a less central and less abstract position than that of the general historian. If we look at the Palace of Versailles from the terrace in front of the edifice, we are impressed with its broad magnificence, but we are soon tired, and all that is left in our memory is a vast expanse of windows, columns, statues, and wall. But let us retire to some of the *bosquets* on each side of the main

[1] *Chasot: a Contribution to the History of Frederic the Great and his Time.* By Kurd von Schlözer. Berlin. 1856.

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avenue, and take a diagonal view of the great mansion of Louis XIV., and though we lose part of the palace, the whole picture gains in color and life, and it brings before our mind the figure of the great monarch himself, so fond of concealing part of his majestic stateliness under the shadow of those very groves where we are sitting.

It was a happy thought of M. Kurd von Schlözer to try a similar experiment with Frederic the Great, and to show him to us, not as the great king, looking history in the face, but as seen near and behind another person, for whom the author has felt so much sympathy as to make him the central figure of a very pretty historical picture. This person is Chasot. Frederic used to say of him, *C'est le matador de ma jeunesse*, — a saying which is not found in Frederic's works, but which is nevertheless authentic. One of the chief magistrates of the old Hanseatic town of Lübeck, Syndicus Curtius, — the father, we believe, of the two distinguished scholars, Ernst and Georg Curtius, — was at school with the two sons of Chasot, and he remembers these royal words, when they were repeated in all the drawing-rooms of the city where Chasot spent many years of his life. Frederic's friendship for Chasot is well known, for there are two poems of the king addressed to this young favorite. They do not give a very high idea either of the poetical power of the monarch, or of the moral character of his friend; but they contain some manly and straightforward remarks, which make up for a great deal of shallow declamation. This young Chasot was a French nobleman, a fresh, chivalrous, buoyant nature, — adventurous, careless, extravagant, brave, full of romance, happy with the happy, and galloping

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through life like a true cavalry officer. He met Frederic in 1734. Louis XV. had taken up the cause of Stanislas Lesczynski, King of poland, his father-in-law, and Chasot served in the French army which, under the Duke of Berwick, attacked Germany on the Rhine, in order to relieve Poland from the simultaneous pressure of Austria and Russia. He had the misfortune to kill a French officer in a duel, and was obliged to take refuge in the camp of the old Prince Eugène. Here the young Prince of Prussia soon discovered the brilliant parts of the French nobleman, and when his father, Frederic William I., no longer allowed him to serve under Eugène, he asked Chasot to follow him to Prussia. The years from 1735 to 1740 were happy years for the prince, though he, no doubt, would have preferred taking an active part in the campaign. He writes to his sister: —

"J'aurais répondu plus tôt, si je n'avais été très-affligé de ce que le roi ne veut pas me permettre d'aller en campagne. Je le lui ai demandé quatre fois, et lui ai rappelé la promesse qu'il m'en avait faite; mais point de nouvelle; il m'a dit qu'il avait des raisons très-cachées qui l'en empêchaient. Je le crois, car je suis persuadé qu'il ne les sait pas lui-même."

But, as he wished to be on good terms with his father, he stayed at home, and travelled about to inspect his future kingdom. "C'est un peu plus honnête qu'en Sibérie," he writes, "mais pas de beaucoup." Frederic, after his marriage, took up his abode in the Castle of Rheinsberg, near Neu-Ruppin, and it was here that he spent the happiest part of his existence, M. de Schlözer has described this period in the life of the king with great art; and he has pointed out how Frederic, while he seemed to live for nothing but

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pleasure, — shooting, dancing, music, and poetry, — was given at the same time to much more serious occupations, — reading and composing works on history, strategy, and philosophy, and maturing plans which, when the time of their execution came, seemed to spring from his head full-grown and full-armed. He writes to his sister, the Markgravine of Baireuth, in 1737: —

"Nous nous divertissons de rien, et n'avons aucun soin des choses de la vie, qui la rendent désagréable et qui jettent du dégoût sur les plaisirs. Nous faisons la tragédie et la comédie, nous avons bal, mascarade, et musique à toute sauce. Voilà un abrégé de nos amusements."

And again, he writes to his friend Suhm, at Petersburg: —

"Nous allons représenter l'*Œdipe* de Voltaire, dans lequel je ferai le héros de théâtre; j'ai choisi le rôle de Philoctéte."

A similar account of the royal household at Rheinsberg is given by Bielfeld: —

"C'est ainsi que les jours s'écoulent ici dans une tranquillité assaisonnée de tous les plaisirs qui peuvent flatter une âme raisonnable. Chère de roi, vin des dieux, musique des anges, promenades délicieuses dans les jardins et dans les bois, parties sur l'eau, culture des lettres et des beaux-arts, conversation spirituelle, tout concourt à repandre dans ce palais enchanté des charmes sur la vie."

Frederic, however, was not a man to waste his time in mere pleasure. He shared in the revelries of his friends, but he was perhaps the only person at Rheinsberg who spent his evenings in reading Wolff's "Metaphysics." And here let us remark, that this German prince, in order to read that work, was obliged to have the German translated into French by his friend Suhm, the Saxon minister at Petersburg. Chasot, who had no very definite duties to perform at

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Rheinsberg, was commissioned to copy Suhm's manuscript, — nay, he was nearly driven to despair when he had to copy it a second time, because Frederic's monkey, Mimi, had set fire to the first copy. We have Frederic's opinion on Wolff's "Metaphysics," in his "Works," vol. i. p. 263 : —

"Les universités prosperaient en même temps. Halle et Francfort étaient fournies de savants professeurs : Thomasius, Gundling, Ludewig, Wolff, et Stryke tenaient le premier rang pour la célébrité et faisaient nombre de disciples. Wolff commenta l'ingénieux système de Leibnitz sur les monades, et noya dans un déluge de paroles, d'arguments, de corollaires, et de citations, quelques problèmes que Leibnitz avait jetées peut-être comme une amorce aux métaphysiciens. Le professeur de Halle écrivait laborieusement nombre de volumes, qui, au lieu de pouvoir instruire des hommes faits, servirent tout au plus de catéchisme de didactique pour des enfants. Les monades ont mis aux prises les métaphysiciens et les géomêtres d'Allemagne, et ils disputent encore sur la divisibilité de la matière."

In another place, however, he speaks of Wolff with greater respect, and acknowledges his influence in the German universities. Speaking of the reign of his father, he writes : —

"Mais la faveur et les brigues remplissaient les chaires de professeurs dans les universités; les dévots, qui se mêlent de tout, acquirent une part à la direction des universités; ils y persécutaient le bon sens, et surtout la classe des philosophes : Wolff fut exilé pour avoir dèduit avec un ordre admirable les preuves sur l'existence de Dieu. La jeune noblesse qui se vouait aux armes, crût déroger en étudiant, et comme l'esprit humain donne toujours dans les excès, ils regardèrent l'ignorance comme un titre de mérite, et le savoir comme une pédanterie absurde."

During the same time, Frederic composed his "Refutation of Macchiavelli," which was published in 1740, and read all over Europe ; and besides the gay parties of the court, he organized the somewhat

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mysterious society of the *Ordre de Bayard*, of which his brothers, the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the Duke Wilhelm of Brunswick-Bevern, Keyserling, Fouqué, and Chasot, were members. Their meetings had reference to serious political matters, though Frederic himself was never initiated by his father into the secrets of Prussian policy till almost on his death-bed. The king died in 1740, and Frederic was suddenly called away from his studies and pleasures at Rheinsberg, to govern a rising kingdom which was watched with jealousy by all its neighbors. He describes his state of mind, shortly before the death of his father, in the following words : —

" Vous pouvez bien juger que je suis assez tracassé dans la situation où je me trouve. On me laisse peu de repos, mais l'intérieur est tranquille, et je puis vous assurer que je n'ai jamais été plus philosophe qu'en cette occasion-ci. Je regarde avec des yeux d'indifférence tout ce qui m'attend, sans désirer la fortune ni la craindre, plein de compassion pour ceux qui souffrent, d'estime pour les honnêtes gens, et de tendresse pour mes amis."

As soon, however as he had mastered his new position, the young king was again the patron of art, of science, of literature, and of social improvements of every kind. Voltaire had been invited to Berlin, to organize a French theatre, when suddenly the news of the death of Charles VI., the Emperor of Germany, arrived at Berlin. How well Frederic understood what was to follow, we learn from a letter to Voltaire : —

" Mon cher Voltaire, — L'événement le moins prévu du monde m'empêche, pour cette fois, d'ouvrir mon âme à la vôtre comme d'ordinaire, et de bavarder comme je le voudrais. L'empereur est mort. Cette mort dérange toutes mes idées pacifiques, et je crois qu'il s'agira, au mois de juin, plutôt de poudre à canon, de soldats, de tranchées, que d'actrices, de ballets et de théâtre."

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He was suffering from fever, and he adds: —

"Je vais faire passer ma fièvre, car j'ai besoin de ma machine, et il en faut tirer à présent tout le parti possible."

Again he writes to Algarotti: —

"Une bagatelle comme est la mort de l'empereur ne demande pas de grands mouvements. Tout était prévu, tout était arrangé. Ainsi il ne s'agit que d'exécuter des desseins que j'ai roulés depuis long temps dans ma tête."

We need not enter into the history of the first Silesian war; but we see clearly from these expressions, that the occupation of Silesia, which the house of Brandenburg claimed by right, had formed part of the policy of Prussia long before the death of the emperor; and the peace of Breslau, in 1742, realized a plan which had probably been the subject of many debates at Rheinsberg. During this first war, Chasot obtained the most brilliant success. At Mollwitz, he saved the life of the king; and the following account of this exploit was given to M. de Schlözer by members of Chasot's family: An Austrian cavalry officer, with some of his men, rode up close to the king. Chasot was near. "Where is the king?" the officer shouted; and Chasot, perceiving the imminent danger, sprang forward, declared himself to be the king, and sustained for some time single-handed the most violent combat with the Austrian soldiers. At last he was rescued by his men, but not without having received a severe wound across his forehead. The king thanked him, and Voltaire afterwards celebrated his bravery in the following lines: —

"Il me souvient encore de ce jour mémorable
Où l'illustre Chasot, ce guerrier formidable,
Sauva par sa valeur le plus grand de nos rois.
O Prusse! élève un temple à ses fameux exploits."

Chasot soon rose to the rank of major, and received

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large pecuniary rewards from the king. The brightest event, however, of his life was still to come; and this was the battle of Hohenfriedberg, in 1745. In spite of Frederic's successes, his position before that engagement was extremely critical. Austria had concluded a treaty with England, Holland and Saxony against Prussia. France declined to assist Frederic, Russia threatened to take part against him. On the 19th of April, the king wrote to his minister: —

"La situation présente est aussi violente que désagréable. Mon parti est tout pris. S'il s'agit de se battre, nous le ferons en désespérés. Enfin, jamais crise n'a été plus grande que la mienne. Il faut laisser au temps de débrouiller cette fusée, et au destin, s'il y en a un, à décider de l'événement."

And again: —

"J'ai jeté le bonnet pardessus les moulins; je me prépare à tous les événements qui peuvent m'arriver. Que la fortune me soit contraire ou favorable, cela ne m'abaissera ni m'enorgueillira; et s'il faut périr, ce sera avec gloire et l'épée à la main."

The decisive day arrived — "le jour le plus décisif de ma fortune." The night before the battle, the king said to the French ambassador — "Les ennemis sont où je les voulais, et je les attaque demain;" and on the following day the battle of Hohenfriedberg was won. How Chasot distinguished himself, we may learn from Frederic's own description: —

"Muse dis-moi, comment en ces moments
Chasot brilla, faisant voler des têtes,
De maints uhlans faisant de vrais squelettes,
Et des hussards, devant lui s'échappant,
Fandant les uns, les autres transperçant,
Et, maniant sa flamberge tranchante,
Mettait en fuite, et donnait l'épouvante
Aux ennemis effarés et tremblants.
Tel Jupiter est peint armé du foudre,
Et tel Chasot réduit l'uhlan en poudre."

In his account of the battle, the king wrote: —

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"Action inouie dans l'histoire, et dont le succès est dû aux Généraux Gessler et Schmettau, au Colonel Schwerin *et au brave Major Chasot, dont la valeur et la conduite se sont fait connaître dans trois batailles également.*"

And in his "Histoire de mon Temps," he wrote: —

"Un fait aussi rare, aussi glorieux, mérite d'être écrit en lettres d'or dans les fastes prussiens. Le Général Schwerin, *le Major Chasot* et beaucoup d'officiers s'y firent un nom immortel."

How, then, is it that, in the later edition of Frederic's "Histoire de mon Temps," the name of Chasot is erased? How is it that, during the whole of the Seven Years' War, Chasot is never mentioned? M. de Schlözer gives us a complete answer to this question, and we must say that Frederic did not behave well to the *matador de sa jeunesse*. Chasot had a duel with a Major Bronickowsky, in which his opponent was killed. So far as we can judge from the documents which M. de Schlözer has obtained from Chasot's family, Chasot had been forced to fight; but the king believed that he had sought a quarrel with the Polish officer, and, though a court-martial found him not guilty, Frederic sent him to the fortress of Spandau. This was the first estrangement between Chasot and the king; and though after a time he was received again at court, the friendship between the king and the young nobleman who had saved his life had received a rude shock.

Chasot spent the next few years in garrison at Treptow; and, though he was regularly invited by Frederic to be present at the great festivities at Berlin, he seems to have been a more constant visitor at the small court of the Duchess of Strelitz, not far from his garrison, than at Potsdam. The king employed him on a diplomatic mission, and in this also Chasot was

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successful. But notwithstanding the continuance of this friendly intercourse, both parties felt chilled, and the least misunderstanding was sure to lead to a rupture. The king, jealous perhaps of Chasot's frequent visits at Strelitz, and not satisfied with the drill of his regiment, expressed himself in strong terms about Chasot at a review in 1751. The latter asked for leave of absence in order to return to his country and recruit his health. He had received fourteen wounds in the Prussian service, and his application could not be refused. There was another cause of complaint, on which Chasot seems to have expressed himself freely. He imagined that Frederic had not rewarded his services with sufficient liberality. He expressed himself in the following words: —

"Je ne sais quel malheureux guignon poursuit le roi: mais ce guignon se reproduit dans tout ce que sa majesté entrepend ou ordonne. Toujours ses vues sont bonnes, ses plans sont sages, réfléchis et justes; et toujours le succès est nul ou très-imparfait, et pourquoi? Toujours pour la même cause! parce qu'il manque un louis à l'exécution! un louis de plus, et tout irait à merveille. Son guignon veut que partout il retienne ce maudit louis; et tout se fait mal."

How far this is just, we are unable to say. Chasot was reckless about money, and whatever the king might have allowed him, he would always have wanted one louis more. But on the other hand, Chasot was not the only person who complained of Frederic's parsimony; and the French proverb, "On ne peut pas travailler pour le roi de Prusse," probably owes its origin to the complaints of Frenchmen who flocked to Berlin at that time in great numbers, and returned home disappointed. Chasot went to France, where he was well received, and he soon sent an intimation to the king that he did not mean to return to Berlin. In

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1752 his name was struck off the Prussian army-list. Frederic was offended, and the simultaneous loss of many friends, who either died or left his court, made him *de mauvaise humeur*. It is about this time that he writes to his sister: —

"J'étudie beaucoup, et cela me soulage réellement; mais lorsque mon esprit fait des retours sur les temps passés, alors les plaies du cœur se rouvrent et je regrette inutilement les pertes que j'ai faites."

Chasot, however, soon returned to Germany, and probably in order to be near the court of Strelitz, took up his abode in the old free town of Lübeck. He became a citizen of Lübeck in 1754, and in 1759 was made commander of its militia. Here his life seems to have been very agreeable, and he was treated with great consideration and liberality. Chasot was still young, as he was born in 1716, and he now thought of marriage. This he accomplished in the following manner. There was at that time an artist of some celebrity at Lübeck, — Stefano Torelli. He had a daughter whom he had left at Dresden to be educated, and whose portrait he carried about on his snuff-box. Chasot met him at dinner, saw the snuff-box, fell in love with the picture, and proposed to the father to marry his daughter Camilla. Camilla was sent for. She left Dresden, travelled through the country, which was then occupied by Prussian troops, met the king in his camp, received his protection, arrived safely at Lübeck, and in the same year was married to Chasot. Frederic was then in the thick of the Seven Years' War, but Chasot, though he was again on friendly terms with the king, did not offer him his sword. He was too happy at Lübeck with his Camilla, and he made himself useful to the king by sending him recruits.

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One of the recruits he offered was his son, and in a letter, April 8, 1760, we see the king accepting this young recruit in the most gracious terms: —

"J'accepte volontiers, cher de Chasot, la recrue qui vous doit son être, et je serai parrain de l'enfant qui vous naîtra, au cas que ce soit un fils. Nous tuons les hommes, tandis que vous en faites."

It was a son, and Chasot writes: —

"Si ce garçon me ressemble, Sire, il n'aura pas une goutte de sang dans ses veines qui ne soit à vous."

M. de Schlözer, who is himself a native of Lübeck, has described the later years of Chasot's life in that city with great warmth and truthfulness. The diplomatic relations of the town with Russia and Denmark were not without interest at that time, because Peter III., formerly Duke of Holstein, had declared war against Denmark in order to substantiate his claims to the Danish crown. Chasot had actually the pleasure of fortifying Lübeck, and carrying on preparations for war on a small scale, till Peter was dethroned by his wife, Catherine. All this is told in a very comprehensive and luminous style; and it is not without regret that we find ourselves in the last chapter, where M. de Schlözer describes the last meetings of Chasot and Frederic in 1779, 1784, and 1785. Frederic had lost nearly all his friends, and he was delighted to see the *matador de sa jeunesse* once more. He writes: —

"Une chose qui n'est presque arrivée qu'à moi est que j'ai perdu tous mes amis de cœur et mes anciennes connaissances; ce sont des plaies dont le cœur saigne long-temps, que la philosophie apaise, mais que sa main ne saurait guérir."

How pleasant for the king to find at least one man with whom he could talk of the old days of Rheinsberg, — of Fräulein von Schack and Fräulein von Walmo-

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den, of Cæsarion and Jordan, of Mimi and le Tourbillon! Chasot's two sons entered the Prussian service, though, in the manner in which they are received, we find Frederic again acting more as king than as friend. Chasot in 1784 was still as lively as ever, whereas the king was in bad health. The latter writes to his old friend, "Si nous ne nous revoyons bientôt, nous ne nous reverrons jamais;" and when Chasot had arrived, Frederic writes to Prince Heinrich, "Chasot est venu ici de Lübeck; il ne parle que de mangeaille, de vins de Champagne, du Rhin, de Madère, de Hongrie, et du faste de messieurs les marchands de la bourse de Lübeck."

Such was the last meeting of these two knights of the *Ordre de Bayard*. The king died in 1786, without seeing the approach of the revolutionary storm which was soon to upset the throne of the Bourbons. Chasot died in 1797. He began to write his memoirs in 1789, and it is to some of their fragments, which had been preserved by his family, and were handed over to M. Kurd de Schlözer, that we owe this delightful little book. Frederic the Great used to complain that Germans could not write history

"Ce siècle ne produisit aucun bon historien. On chargea Teissier d'écrire l'histoire de Brandebourg: il en fit le panégyrique. Pufendorf écrivit la vie de Frédéric-Guillaume, et, pour ne rien omettre, il n'oublia ni ses clercs de chancellerie, ni ses valets de chambre dont il put recueillir les noms. Nos auteurs ont, ce me semble, toujours péché, faute de discerner les choses essentielles des accessoires, d'éclaircir les faits, de reserrer leur prose traînante et excessivement sujette aux inversions, aux nombreuses épithètes, et d'écrire en pédants plutôt qu'en hommes de génie."

We believe that Frederic would not have said this

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of a work like that of M. de Schlözer; and as to Chasot, it is not too much to say that, after the days of Mollwitz and Hohenfriedberg, the day on which M. de Schlözer undertook to write his biography was perhaps the most fortunate for his fame.

1856.

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X.

SHAKESPEARE.[1]

THE city of Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, sends her greeting to the city of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. The old free town of Frankfort, which, since the days of Frederick Barbarossa, has seen the Emperors of Germany crowned within her walls, might well at all times speak in the name of Germany. But to-day she sends her greeting, not as the proud mother of German Emperors, but as the prouder mother of the greatest among the poets of Germany; and it is from the very house in which Goethe lived, and which has since become the seat of "the Free German Institute for Science and Art," that this message of the German admirers and lovers of Shakespeare has been sent, which I am asked to present to you, the Mayor and Council of Stratford-on-Avon.

When honor was to be done to the memory of Shakespeare, Germany could not be absent, for next to Goethe and Schiller there is no poet so truly loved by us, so thoroughly our own, as your Shakespeare. He is no stranger with us, no mere classic, like Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Corneille, whom we admire as we

[1] Speech delivered at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23d of April, 1864, the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth.

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admire a marble statue. He has become one of ourselves, holding his own place in the history of our literature, applauded in our theatres, read in our cottages, studied, known, loved, "as far as sounds the German tongue." There is many a student in Germany who has learned English solely in order to read Shakespeare in the original, and yet we possess a translation of Shakespeare with which few translations of any work can vie in any language. What we in Germany owe to Shakespeare must be read in the history of our literature. Goethe was proud to call himself a pupil of Shakespeare. I shall at this moment allude to one debt of gratitude only which Germany owes to the poet of Stratford-on-Avon. I do not speak of the poet only, and of his art, so perfect because so artless; I think of the man with his large, warm heart, with his sympathy for all that is genuine, unselfish, beautiful, and good; with his contempt for all that is petty, mean, vulgar, and false. It is from his plays that our young men in Germany form their first ideas of England and the English nation, and in admiring and loving him we have learned to admire and to love you who may proudly call him your own. And it is right that this should be so. As the height of the Alps is measured by Mont Blanc, let the greatness of England be measured by the greatness of Shakespeare. Great nations make great poets, great poets make great nations. Happy the nation that possesses a poet like Shakespeare. Happy the youth of England whose first ideas of this world in which they are to live are taken from his pages. The silent influence of Shakespeare's poetry on millions of young hearts in England, in Germany, in all the world, shows the almost superhuman power of human genius. If we

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look at that small house, in a small street of a small town of a small island, and then think of the world-embracing, world-quickening, world-ennobling spirit that burst forth from that small garret, we have learned a lesson and carried off a blessing for which no pilgrimage would have been too long. Though the great festivals which in former days brought together people from all parts of Europe to worship at the shrine of Canterbury exist no more, let us hope, for the sake of England, more even than for the sake of Shakespeare, that this will not be the last Shakespeare festival in the annals of Stratford-on-Avon. In this cold and critical age of ours the power of worshipping, the art of admiring, the passion of loving what is great and good are fast dying out. May England never be ashamed to show to the world that she can love, that she can admire, that she can worship the greatest of her poets! May Shakespeare live on in the love of each generation that grows up in England! May the youth of England long continue to be nursed, to be fed, to be reproved and judged by his spirit! With that nation — that truly English, because truly Shakespearian nation — the German nation will always be united by the strongest sympathies; for, superadded to their common blood, their common religion, their common battles and victories, they will always have in Shakespeare a common teacher, a common benefactor, and a common friend.

April, 1864.

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XI.

BACON IN GERMANY.[1]

"If our German philosophy is considered in England and in France as German dreaming, we ought not to render evil for evil, but rather to prove the groundlessness of such accusations by endeavoring ourselves to appreciate, without any prejudice, the philosophers of France and England, such as they are, and doing them that justice which they deserve; especially as, in scientific subjects, injustice means ignorance." With these words M. Kuno Fischer introduces his work on Bacon to the German public; and what he says is evidently intended, not as an attack upon the conceit of French, and the exclusiveness of English philosophers, but rather as an apology which the author feels that he owes to his own countrymen. It would seem, indeed, as if a German was bound to apologize for treating Bacon as an equal of Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, and Schelling. Bacon's name is never mentioned by German writers without some proviso that it is only by a great stretch of the meaning of the word, or by courtesy, that he can be called a philosopher. His philosophy, it is maintained, ends where all true philosophy begins; and his style or method has frequently been described

[1] Franz Baco von Verulam: *Die Realphilosophie und ihr Zeitalter*. Von Kuno Fischer. Leipzig. Brockhaus. 1856.

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as unworthy of a systematic thinker. Spinoza, who has exercised so great an influence on the history of thought in Germany, was among the first who spoke slightingly of the inductive philosopher. When treating of the causes of error, he writes, "What he (Bacon) adduces besides, in order to explain error, can easily be traced back to the Cartesian theory; it is this, that the human will is free and more comprehensive than the understanding, or, as Bacon expresses himself in a more confused manner, in the forty-ninth aphorism, 'The human understanding is not a pure light, but obscured by the will.'" In works on the general history of philosophy, German authors find it difficult to assign any place to Bacon. Sometimes he is classed with the Italian school of natural philosophy, sometimes he is contrasted with Jacob Boehme. He is named as one of the many who helped to deliver mankind from the thralldom of scholasticism. But any account of what he really was, what he did to immortalize his name, and to gain that prominent position among his own countrymen which he has occupied to the present day, we should look for in vain even in the most complete and systematic treatises on the history of philosophy published in Germany. Nor does this arise from any wish to depreciate the results of English speculation in general. On the contrary, we find that Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume are treated with great respect. They occupy well-marked positions in the progress of philosophic thought. Their names are written in large letters on the chief stations through which the train of human reasoning passed before it arrived at Kant and Hegel. Locke's philosophy took for a time complete possession of the German mind, and called forth some of the most important

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